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Mary Eberstadt on Susan Faludi

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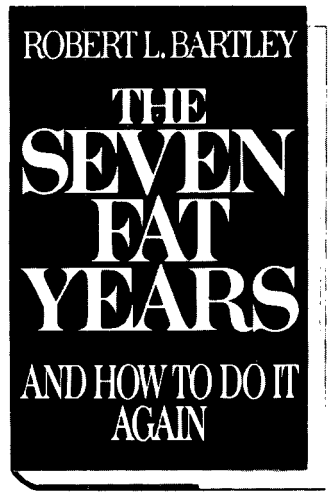

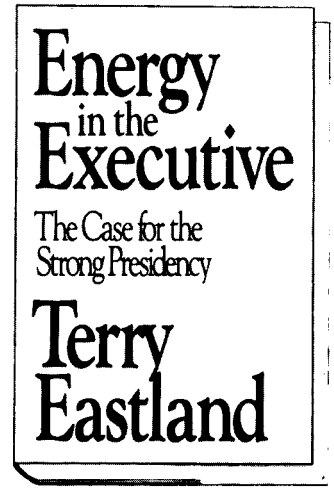

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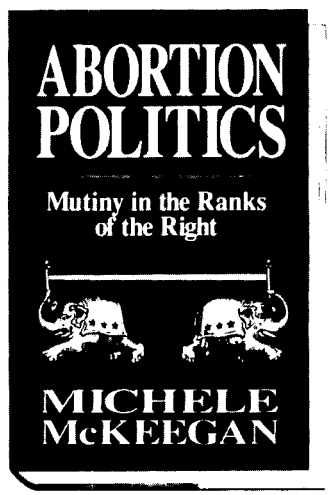

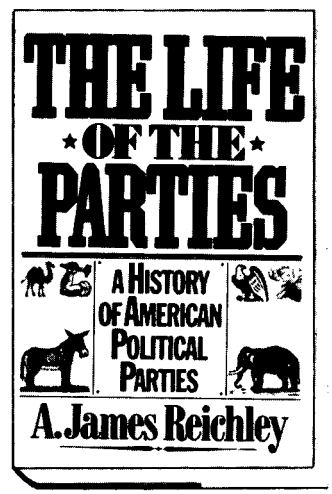

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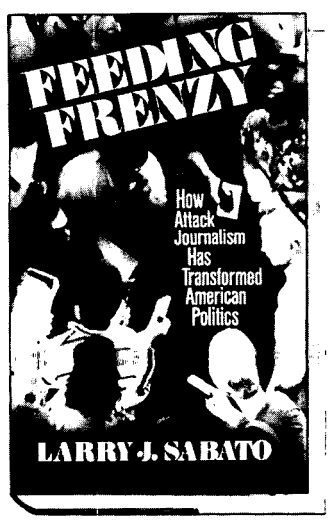

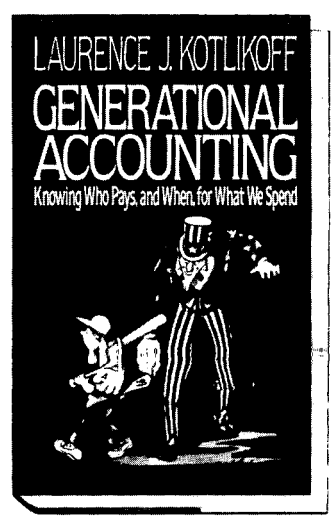

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Several months ago, there was much discussion whether loan guarantees in the amount of $10 billion should be granted to Israel for settlement of Soviet Jews. Because of disagreement on housing starts in Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank"), it was decided to postpone the matter. Now, with a new government in Israel, understanding on this point has been reached and the loan guarantees have been granted. But still, we should ask ourselves: Are these loan guarantees good for the United States? Were we right in granting them?

What are the facts?

What is the purpose of the loan guarantees? For many years, it has been one of the major purposes of U.S. policy to persuade the former Soviet Union to allow free emigration of its citizens. Now that this lofty goal has finally been attained, the Jews of the country, its most endangered minority, have opted in large numbers to leave. A good number have chosen to come to the United States. The great majority have chosen Israel as their new homeland. So far, about 400,000 have come; a total of 1 million to 1.5 million are expected over the next five years.

Israel has a population of 4 or 5 million. The expected immigration is equivalent to an increase of 50–75 million in the United States—more than the population of our three or four most populous states. These people arrive virtually penniless in Israel. All have to be fed, clothed, housed, educated, jobs have to be found, and infrastructure has to be created to accommodate this huge influx. The United States can take great pride in being an active participant in this humanitarian endeavor.

What will the loan guarantees cost the United States? Misinformation about the loan guarantees abounds. Israel gets *guarantees*—not loans or grants from the United States. It is equivalent to co-signing a note for a friend. No money will be transferred to Israel from the U.S. Treasury. There will be some "scoring." But the ultimate cost to the United States will be zero.

In its 40-year history, Israel has never defaulted on a loan. The credit guarantees will not increase the U.S. deficit, nor will they affect domestic programs in any way. The United States routinely grants such loan guarantees. Iraq was granted a $5 billion guarantee just a few months before the outbreak of the Gulf War; about $600 billion in domestic guarantees and direct loans are expected to be granted by the U.S. within the next five years.

> "The loan guarantees will not cost us anything...they will be of great economic benefit to the United States."

What's in it for the United States? The loan guarantees are essentially a humanitarian undertaking. But there will be substantial tangible benefits for the United States. Economic activity in Israel, as a result of this immigration, is projected to cause a surge of $170 billion in imports over the next five years, at least $30 billion of which is projected to be purchased in the United States. In addition, the U.S. taxpayer will benefit to the tune of several billion dollars from the servicing of the debt, most of which will be placed with U.S. banks. About 70% of the approximately 250,000 housing units required to shelter the immigrants will be purchased in the United States, at a cost of not less than $5 billion. All of this will create tens of thousands of new U.S. jobs.

Israel's record as a major non-Nato ally is unique in a world of uncertainty and shifting alliances. Our national interest is served in strengthening this ally and in assisting it in the absorption of what may be as many as a million new immigrants. These immigrants will further strengthen the only democracy in the Middle East—politically, economically and militarily, and thus make even more valuable this outpost of Western civilization in an area in which the United States has such a vital stake. The United States can take great credit for the exodus of Jews from the former Soviet Union to Israel. We have assumed the moral obligation to see that migration succeed. The loan guarantees will not cost us anything; on the contrary, they will be of great economic benefit to the United States.

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THE AMERICAN SPECTATOR

Volume 25 Number 10, October 1992

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ABOUT THIS MONTH

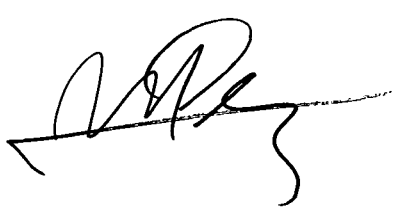
by

Wladyslaw Pleszczynski

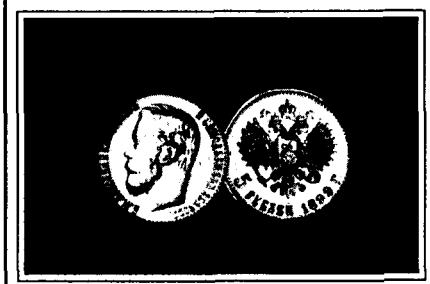
BACK IN THE DAYS of my youth, I'd often take my Irish setter to the beach in Summerland, California, where he could roam undeterred by leash laws and other forms of governmental oversight. Needless to say, he'd get thirsty real quick, so we always brought along a bucket of fresh water for him. It never ceased to amaze me, though, that invariably he'd first try to drink from the salty Pacific. I guess he was an optimist, confident that the ocean water had turned sweet since the last time he tasted it.

CONSERVATIVES HAVE BEEN like that about George Bush. Despite all evidence that backing him won't do them or the country much good, they still hope against hope that at some level he may be one of them, that at some point he's bound to come around. In Houston, they gave him one last—Herculean—push. Under fire from Messrs. Buchanan, Reagan, Kemp, Gramm, Bennett, and Quayle, Bill Clinton saw his numbers shrink. But then it was the President's turn, and that was that. Back on the campaign trail, he instinctively backed away from what little substance he'd provided in his acceptance speech, and jabbered about federal job training as the way out of his recession. Putting his finger in the air in search of a few more such ideas, he saw it nearly torn off by Hurricane Andrew—leading cartoonist Tom Meyer to depict Bush declaiming, "If Congress had passed my anti-hurricane amendment . . ."

THIS IS THE SAME President who, when he did play rough with anyone in Congress during his first term, did so only with Reaganite congressmen, as Tom Bethell reminds us in "Better Dukakis" (p. 16). This is the President who, as Fred Barnes suggests in his review of Terry Eastland's latest book (p. 60), may go down as a laughing-stock one-term President who squandered his popularity without performing any great service for the nation. This is the same President too meek to raise a major campaign issue—the links between Arkansas moneyman Jackson Stephens and Bill Clinton—because of his own ties to the man in question (see James Ring Adams's "Clinton's Bert Lance?" p. 20). As Presswatch columnist Eastland reports ("On the Bus With Bill and Hillary," p. 48), the Bush campaign is counting on growing public revulsion against the pro-Clinton media to save their man. Heaven knows, the sloppy anti-Bush work of *Time* magazine's White House correspondents (reviewed on page 55 by ABC's Brit Hume) is enough to give one pause. But what can one ultimately say about a President who wants to ride into a second term on the strength of a "backlash"?



The Last Gold Coin of the Romanovs



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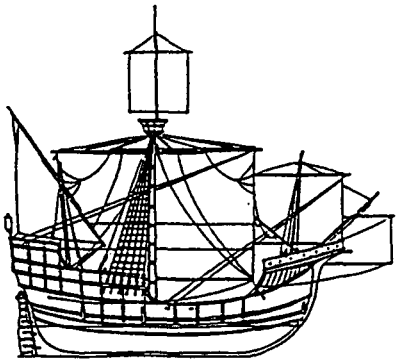
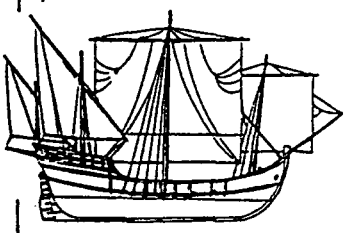
Should We Celebrate or Repent?

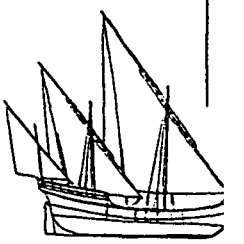


The 500th anniversary of the first voyage of Christopher Columbus has spurred a host of attempts to recast the history of the Americas. Many of the revisionists are trying to use the past as a tool to advance "politically correct" goals. In doing so they profoundly distort the historical record of Columbus the man and of the societies that have sprung from his explorations.



For many critics, the presence of evil in American history totally discredits the "myth" that the United States is a just society. Indeed, they have made the Columbus anniversary an occasion to reject all of Western culture. At the other extreme, many defenders seem to think that any criticism of the United States will lead to total denunciation.

Robert Royal examines the available facts about Columbus and the Spaniards, their first New World contacts, Christian missionaries, North American Indian tribes, and the early British and French settlements. His wide-ranging accounts of the complicated interaction between Europeans and Native Americans suggest that little of the early cultural mixing in the Americas can be characterized in strict black-and-white terms.



Universal ideas of human rights and international law that slowly emerged from Western reflection on indigenous peoples, Royal concludes, are major contributions for which we should all be grateful.

Robert Royal is vice president and Olin Fellow in Religion and Society at the Ethics and Public Policy Center.

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ROBERT ROYAL

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Arkansas banker Jackson Stephens, deeply involved in BCCI, has had access to the last three Presidents, and both candidates in this election owe him big.

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On the quincentenary of the discovery of America, Mexican novelist Carlos Fuentes takes to cable TV to rediscover some hoary myths about Latin America: nice caudillos, multicultural inquisitors, and the democratic pluralists of imperial Spain.

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Just when you thought feminism was mellowing, along comes bad girl Susan Faludi to do her sulking on the bestseller lists.

Cover illustration by Robert Allen Harrell. Interior art by Jake Tapper.

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• August ended in the seasonal sneezes of millions of hay-fever sufferers, and gales of doubletalk from the presidential candidates. The Republican National Convention was held in Houston, and by comparison with the Democratic orgies of the previous month the Republicans were decorous and non–life threatening. Superb speeches were made by former President Ronald Reagan and Mr. Patrick Buchanan. Other creditable performances were put in by Vice President Dan Quayle and Housing Secretary Jack Kemp. Even President George Bush intoned forty minutes of excellent oratory in his fifty-six minute speech. But then the campaign began, and all meaning was conscientiously drained from the English language by the campaign handlers of both Mr. Bush and Boy Clinton. The pundits worry that this is going to be a campaign of historically unprecedented mudslinging. Actually, the only historic precedent likely to be set will be a new high in doubletalk.

• The esteemed *Valley News* of progressive New Hampshire reports that State Safety Services Director Kevin Monahan is complying with the wishes of his misogelastic co-workers by resigning. Mr. Monahan has been the focus of feminist anger since he accompanied his department's memo on sexual harassment with a cover letter that contained this terrifying essay into drollery: "Please rest assured that like [Safety] Commissioner [Richard] Flynn I will not tolerate any form of sexual harassment other than that levied upon me by my wife." Ha, ha, ha, Mr. Monahan; the time when the ladies of the New Hampshire Safety Service Department had to live in dread of such tasteless jokes elapsed long ago; and after Mrs. Monahan's lawyers have their way with you could you pass on her telephone number, and, perhaps, a picture? Ever more of the handicapped are gaining full participation in the rich joys of American life. On August 9, U.S. Customs officials patrolling an incoming cruise ship in West Palm Beach, Florida, discovered fifty-eight pounds of marijuana secreted in the wheelchairs of Mr. Eugene Broadhead, 35, and Miss Dorothy Bromfield, 52, two differently abled individuals who were briskly borne to West Palm Beach's spanking new barrier-free, handicapped-accessible hoosegow.

• Unemployment dipped from 7.8 percent to 7.7 percent, and in Seymour, Wisconsin, the name of Mr. Charlie Nagreen was again hymned and hosannahed, as the patriotic sons and daughters of greater Seymour observed the 107th anniversary of the birth of the hamburger. It was in Seymour that the celebrated Mr. Nagreen introduced to the world the very first rounded, flattened, morsel of brown ground round. Broward Community College's little-known Coconut Creek campus in Broward County, Florida, observed National Condom Week in the traditional manner, with a student-sponsored Condom Carnival. There were informative demonstrations such as the occasionally quite dangerous pop-the-condom competition and the speed condom-fitting, wherein participants raced to fit condoms onto cucumbers. Mr. Jim Shelby, 21, dressed in a huge condom outfit, proclaimed himself Condom Man, thrilled many coeds—always, however, keeping a sharp eye out for any who might be suffering the Anita Hill Syndrome and in contact with a lawyer. "I was never very comfortable using or buying condoms, but now I am," declaimed Mr. Julian Samaniego, 20, looking back over the years. "It's important not to be embarrassed." Then this amazing twit went on to say that condoms "need to become part of people's fantasies, part of foreplay." How about a punch in the nose?

• In Liverpool, England, two frolicsome nurses at the Ashworth Special Hospital for the mentally unwell were sacked after hospital officials discovered that the two had amused themselves at their patients' expense by dressing up a pig's head as one of them, complete with thermometer in mouth and catatonic trance. The nurses are appealing and have the full support of their union, which promises a work stoppage unless the management lightens up. In Walhalla, Washington, Dr. Michael F. Lee, a dentist, was ordered to pay Miss Kristy P. Lanford, 14, and her parents $100,000 for extracting the wrong teeth. Early in the month, the tiresome Mr. Lawrence E. Walsh notified former President Ronald Reagan that the man who peacefully concluded the Cold War was not about to be indicted. In Eugene, Oregon, authorites continue to harass Mr. Raymond Chesley Delebaugh, Jr. for quieting his boisterous neighbors with six blasts from his shotgun.

• Criminologists and adepts in the psychological swamplands remain perplexed by rising numbers of incogitant criminals, despite the College Board's report of a slight improvement in last year's SAT scores. Perhaps the month's most doltish desperado was Mr. Stanley Turner Norton, who, his swank name notwithstanding, got himself arrested in Whitehall, Arkansas, for stealing a car. Two hours after making off with the vehicle he became lost and sought directions from a pedestrian, Mr. Samuel Jones. Alas, Mr. Jones was a pedestrian only because it was his car that Mr. Norton had pinched—and from the very parking lot in which their ill-starred encounter was taking place. Mr. Jones slowly and meticulously gave Mr. Norton proper directions whilst cleverly notifying the *polizia*, who quickly clapped cuffs on Turner and led him off to a condign cell. Then there was Mr. Kenneth Jeffries, 24, who having stolen $40 from a West Haven, Connecticut, convenience store returned to purchase a pack of chewing gum, whereupon he too suffered the manacled fate of Mr. Stanley Turner Norton. And in Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania, Mr. Ivan Henry was convicted of criminal mischief and window breaking. Mr. Henry, 24, was arrested on December 15 after he broke into the home of Mr.

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Edward Plowman, guzzled a carton of Mr. Plowman's chocolate milk, stripped down to his underwear, and fell asleep. Mr. Plowman is Hollidaysburg's police chief and not a particularly lenient one. Finally, the incidence of incogitant criminals is even spreading abroad, where there are no SAT tests. In London, Mr. Mark McKenna, 21, was arrested in a betting shop after an inexcusable lapse. Having frightened the shop's staff into giving him the day's takings by pretending to have a gun under his sweater, the pathetic Mr. McKenna absent-mindedly reached for the money with both hands and was soon off to the slammer.

• Troubling news continues to seep out of the Netherlands, casting still more doubt on the sanity of a people who for over a thousand years have persisted in wearing wooden shoes, drying their linen with windmills whose vast blades present a constant menace to cattle and to the country's many demented cyclists, and adulating the tulip, a useless flower that can only with difficulty be worn on the lapel and has no fragrance whatsoever. Now it transpires that the Dutch municipality of Noordoostpolder (sic) is going to provide a monthly stipend to a handicapped man for 90-minute sex sessions with a "sexual aide worker." In Amsterdam, the state tourism bureau announced plans to induce more American homosexuals to vacation in Holland because of the high disposable income earned by the American poofter and his propensity to travel and to stay awake later in the night than the banal hetero. And an alliance of environmental extremists, government bureaucrats, and Holland's surviving Christians is blocking the most sensible endeavor attempted there since the early stages of World War II. They are disrupting the plans of something called the Cargo Foundation to confer its "National Gift to the Sea." "The Gift," when finished, will be a 100-foot steel-framed figure of a man stuffed with 20,000 loaves of bread, and, if the alliance of marplots can be stifled, the great contraption will be heaved into the sea as Mr. Kees Bakker, a Gift organizer, sings of it, "an offering to the sea, in return for all we've taken from it over the years." Mr. Bakker's group has hoodwinked thousands of his countrymen into purchasing the statue's bread at $7 a loaf—so we know that there is at least one Dutchman who knows what he is about.

• There was scandal in August. Miss Mia Farrow accused her boyfriend-lover-house husband, Mr. Woody Allen, of committing indecencies with their children, and in Kenya Mr. Bryant Gumbel of the NBC "Today" show broke his wrist whilst pursuing a hippopotamus. From Peking there comes evidence of a relaxation in the regime's totalitarian proclivities. A 22-year-old school teacher, Mr. Liu Deshun, has been jailed for two years for punishing slothful students by making them eat cow dung. According to the *Peking Evening News*, the undignified punishment had a deleterious affect on "the normal studying process." At Berkeley, California, local activist Miss Rosebud Abigail Denovo, 20, was shot by campus police when she attempted to commit mayhem or worse in the residence of University of California chancellor Dr. Chang-Lin Tien. Miss Denovo was a long-time reader of *Mother Jones*.

—*RET*

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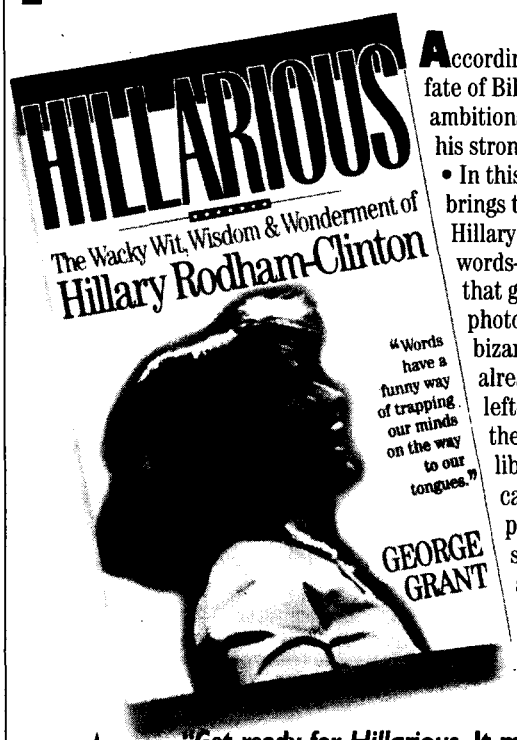
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The Hillary Backlash

Too bad Daniel Wattenberg's article on Hillary Rodham Clinton ("The Lady Macbeth of Little Rock," *TAS*, August 1992) was published after Faludi's *Backlash*: it constitutes a perfect example of the fear instilled in the hearts of some men confronted with an articulate, ambitious, and extremely intelligent woman. Wattenberg's strategy is to rely on the stereotypes used to denigrate women for hundreds of years: Hillary is wily, manipulative, shrewd, and cold. But even through Wattenberg's outrageous diatribe we see the real Hillary. She was elected by her peers to the presidency of student government at Wellesley, was an excellent student at Yale, seems to be a fine parent, and has devoted much of her life to worthy causes. I really enjoyed reading the excerpts from Hillary's writings provided with snide and derisive comments by Wattenberg. In fact, she is a much better writer than Wattenberg. She should make good use of her legal talents and sue him for slander.

—Catherine V. Scott
Doraville, Georgia

The article on Hillary Clinton . . . was so beneath the usual quality of *The American Spectator*. Very much ado about not quite nothing, but close to it. Hillary comes out as a flaky left-winger. One among many who don't have much influence because they don't have a solid grip on reality. But really! Lady Macbeth? Her husband doesn't seem to be reflecting her views very convincingly.

I would suggest that Mr. Wattenberg is as flaky on the right as she is on the left.

—Carol Richman
Seattle, Washington

Wattenberg strives valiantly to prove Hillary Clinton is no worse than Barbara Bush. Methinks the lad protests too much.

—Kenneth Maxwell
Sacramento, California

Daniel Wattenberg replies:

To Ms. Scott: If Hillary is, in fact, "wily, manipulative, shrewd, and cold," then I guess that would explain why she's such a great lawyer. Of course, I never said she was such a great lawyer. Maybe that's why I never said that she was "wily, manipulative, shrewd, and cold."

To Ms. Richman: You mean there are so many "flaky left-wingers" eddying around Bill Clinton that the fact that he is married to one hardly deserves notice? That despite their numbers they are virtually without influence? I may be flaky, but I'm not stupid.

To Mr. Maxwell: Come again? What's the frequency, Kenneth?

Here Comes the Jury

Terry Eastland fine article ("King's Jury," *TAS*, August 1992) did something that—for reasons that baffle me—almost no one else has done up to now: argue that the Rodney King jury may have been right. It is deceptively easy to forget that the jury had to judge the defendants on *specific* counts, in accordance with the judge's legal charge to the jury, and, in order to find the defendants guilty, do so beyond a reasonable doubt. It is arrogant for anyone who didn't hear every minute of testimony and see all the evidence to condemn the trial's outcome, even as it is possible, viewing the tape, to believe that justice may not have been done.

—Thomas Letchfield
Palo Alto, California

In "King's Jury," Terry Eastland catalogues evidence seen by the jury, but not by the public because it was not reported by the media. His point is that, in light of this information, the decision of the jury was neither unreasonable nor, as commonly asserted, evidence of racial bigotry.

Those old enough to remember the egregiously racial decisions that were common prior to national civil rights reforms also recall the brevity of such deliberations. Time for one chaw of tobacky, one squirt at the cuspidor, and an agreed "String 'im up" was the defining character of the system. By contrast, the Ventura County jury absorbed seven days with their deliberations. In spite of which, with no serious reflection, their critics instantly convicted the jury of bigotry.

—Mark Taifer
Long Beach, California

UCSD Update

I thoroughly enjoyed Edward Norden's recent article on life at the University of California, San Diego ("A Month in Paradise," *TAS*, April 1992). Unfortunately, Mr. Norden left before the campus activists got really active. Allow me to update readers on three recent highlights.

During an unusually festive "Take Back the Night" celebration in March, many of the participants chose to remove their shirts to "demystify the female breast" and "empower" themselves. They struck further blows for feminism by defacing the chancellor's door and a fraternity sign.

That same month, student resentment over proposed UC fee hikes boiled over and a chancellor's conference room was occupied by protesters for a week. Among the occupiers' demands was $15,000 to take them to the state capital to lobby for "free" education.

During the week after the Rodney King verdict, excitement was so fevered and inchoate that I frequently saw signs advertising "Protest by the gym today at noon!"; no purpose given or needed. The most successful party was a sit-in on the highway by the campus; for two hours, the highway was blocked as students basked in the sun and in media attention. Eventually the police shooed them away.

If I sound less than respectful, it is because this was all too obviously *fun*. The true radicals were shamefully happy at having their dark delusions confirmed (by the King verdict, by fee hikes, by negative reactions to bare-breasted gynoterrorism), and everybody else was happy to have something to do. Like a lot of what passes for socially responsible activity today, these events seemed more about making memories than about making a difference.

—Patrick Tweedy
Instruction Librarian
University of California, San Diego
La Jolla, California

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No Money For Conservatives.

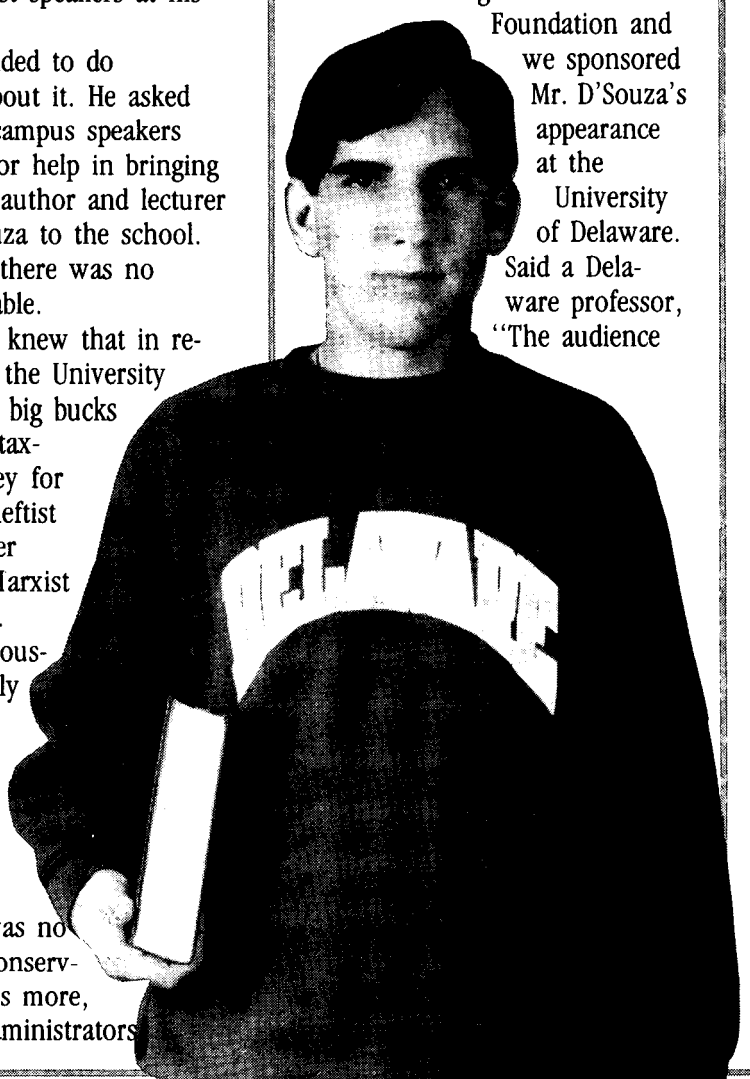
Heath Buzin was fed up. A junior at the University of Delaware, he was tired of the steady procession of liberal and left-wing guest speakers at his campus.

Heath decided to do something about it. He asked the various campus speakers committees for help in bringing conservative author and lecturer Dinesh D'Souza to the school. He was told there was no money available.

But Heath knew that in recent months the University had paid out big bucks in Delaware taxpayers' money for well-known leftist speakers. Over $6,000 for Marxist Angela Davis. Additional thousands for Molly Yard, Cesar Chavez, Stokely Carmichael and other liberal lecturers.

But there was no money for conservatives. What's more, University administrators tried to discourage the conservatives from inviting Mr. D'Souza because he was "too controversial."

Heath Buzin persisted. He contacted Young America's Foundation and we sponsored Mr. D'Souza's appearance at the University of Delaware. Said a Delaware professor, "The audience of more than 350 was the largest at our campus since the early seventies."



Don't take "no" for an answer. Heath Buzin fought back and is still fighting to bring balance to the speakers program at the tax-supported University of Delaware. Young America's Foundation is helping him with speakers, advice, and literature. In the past year we have sponsored hundreds of conservative speakers at campuses all over the United States; speakers such as Norman Schwarzkopf, Edwin Meese, Russell Kirk, Robert Novak and Phyllis Schlafly.

If you need our help we want to hear from you. Or if you would like to help Young America's Foundation to assist students like Heath Buzin, please contact us.

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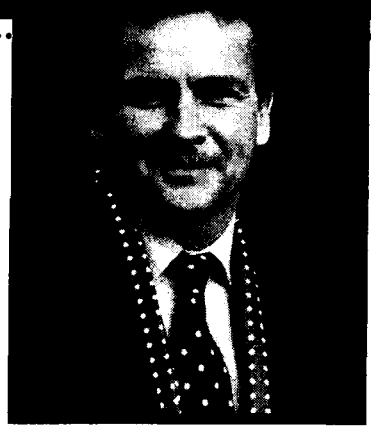


Double Trouble

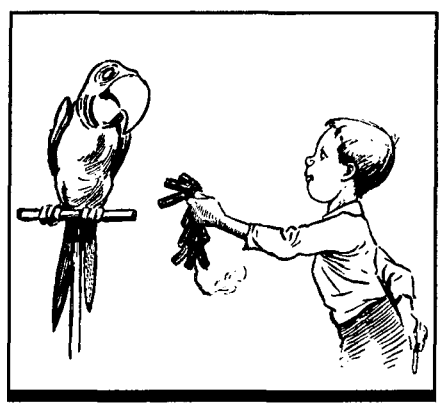
by R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

The other day in Knoxville, Tennessee, Vice President Dan Quayle said, "Let's look at the record. . . . Bill Clinton said that he is for capital punishment. Yet he said that one of his first Supreme Court appointments could be Mario Cuomo, who is an outright opponent of capital punishment. You can't have it both ways."

Where has the Vice President been these last few months? Ever since the first grunt of campaign '92, the leading presidential candidates have all been having it both ways, and with the utmost abandon. The very day of Vice President Quayle's declaration, President Bush was in Union, New Jersey, saying that he had developed a $10-billion job-training program that would not cost the taxpayer a nickel. In fact, the President seemed to be saying that this mysterious program would not cost anyone anything. Then after announcing the new $10-billion job-training program that would not cost anyone $10 billion, the President trundled up to Connecticut to promise "less federal government spending."

But Bill Clinton and George Bush are not the only candidates guilty of doubletalk—almost ceaseless doubletalk. Ross Perot, too, has been a doubletalker of genius. He told us that he was against soundbites and engaged solely in soundbites throughout his campaign. He told us he opposed homosexuals in his cabinet and, amid the rancorous aftermath created by the career homosexuals of the republic, brought in a homosexual aide as a liaison to "the homosexual community." He boasted of how tough he was and then, as the heat turned up in the kitchen, hightailed it, protesting he was in a race that he could not win.

American presidential politics is increasingly a vast display of meaninglessness. The speeches employed by the solemn would-be Lincolns do not matter. They are like love songs sung by eunuchs. The words have no meaning. The party platforms have no meaning. Even the



insults hurled are meaningless. The Democrats who opposed the Gulf War chide George Bush for getting out of the Gulf War too soon. The Republicans chide Bill Clinton for his wife's political extremism and then disavow such chiding.

And is there a voter in the land who actually takes seriously any of the convoluted policies devised by the candidates to bring us all closer to heaven on earth? The federal government grows at an alarming pace. Both Bill Clinton and George Bush promise elaborate policies to cut the growth. And both promise more government programs. George Bush promises to cut taxes for everyone; Boy Clinton promises to raise taxes on those making more than $200,000 annually. Bill is for economic growth, and George is too—but if you earn more than $200,000 that is too much economic growth, and Bill can better spend your money than you. George is for a strong America with a powerful army and so is Bill, who compares his years of stewardship over the Arkansas National Guard very favorably with George's stewardship over the armed forces of the only superpower left on earth.

When Boy Clinton raised his leadership of the Arkansas National Guard as somehow comparable with being commander in chief of the American armed forces, was he aware of the hilarious stupidity of this comparison? I do not think so. When Ross Perot appears on television hinting slyly that he both is and is not still a candidate, does he recognize the absurdity of his position? And when George Bush bobs and weaves, is he aware of how he appears? No, I believe all the presidential aspirants are totally unaware that there is meaning to words and to gestures.

I do, however, have one enduring question about the candidates' meaningless twaddle and vacuous posturing. Why do our political commentators let them get away with it. Oh sure, the ten percent of the commentators who are conservative and Republicans jump on Boy Clinton for his shiftiness, his draft dodging, his dubious private life, and his schizophrenic policy suggestions. And, of course, the ninety percent of the com-

(continued on page 14)

Adapted from RET's weekly Washington Times *column syndicated by Creators Syndicate.*

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The Campus Security Cost Scam.

Conservative speakers are rare at the University of Illinois. That's why Illinois student, Celeste Ann Lawson, asked Young America's Foundation to sponsor a lecture at her school by 75th U.S. Attorney General Edwin Meese.

But five days before the event she was informed by a campus dean that because Mr. Meese was an "attractive nuisance" there might be a disruption of his speech. So to pay for the "necessary" security, Celeste and the other conservatives would have to fork over $400 or have the lecture cancelled. But Celeste and her friends weren't about to cave in. They called the governor of the state as well as other state officials to protest. The next day the campus Chief of Police called Celeste to tell her that the university would "absorb" the cost of security. On the night of the lecture Mr. Meese appeared before a crowd of 1,000 enthusiastic students in spite of the scheming of the school administration.

Unfortunately, the story doesn't end here. Because the security cost scam is a common tactic that liberal campus administrators use to discourage students from inviting conservative speakers to their schools. Security costs are never demanded for the appearances of speakers on the left. But they have been attempted against conservative students at institutions such as Hamilton College, Georgetown University, and others.

Don't let your deans railroad you. We're helping students like Celeste Lawson with speakers, advice and literature. If the security cost scam is being used against you, let us know.

If you need our help, we want to hear from you. Or if you would like to help Young America's Foundation to assist students like Celeste Lawson, please contact us.

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mentators who are liberal and Democratic jump on the President for his shiftiness, his schizophrenic policy suggestions, and various alleged scurrilities. But in this campaign, more wantonly than in any I can recall, the candidates are, as Vice President Quayle might say, "having it both ways." It is time for the commentators to put their partisanship aside, and leap upon the candidates' meaningless speechifying, a meaninglessness that suggests nihilism. ❐

Goodbye, Cruel World

Where did all the Marxists go? It has now been more than a year since a coterie of quasi-Stalinists in Moscow flummoxed beyond repair Mikhail Gorbachev's futile efforts to reform Marxism-Leninism into a modern instrument of good government. Their imbecilic coup looked very ominous as Soviet armor rumbled into Moscow and government media pumped out the same Red bilge that had been issuing from the Kremlin since Stalin. For a few days in August of last year it appeared that the Cold War was going into a second edition. Then the putschists collapsed into drunken comedy and at least one suicide—so long, Cold War.

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Since then I have traveled behind the erstwhile Iron Curtain and I have found no Marxists. I have met many who were raised as Marxists, but they are infidels now. During most of the Cold War, Marxist thought thrilled neoterics everywhere, particularly among chic modernists in Italy and France. In the 1950s Stalin, that sly and inscrutable chess master known to his loyalists as "the genius leader of all progressive mankind," had conferred on Marxism an aura of historical inevitability by defeating Nazism, gobbling up Eastern Europe, and developing (or is it stealing?) the atomic bomb. The planned economy and planned society on the Soviet model seemed to be the way of the future, and then China went over to Stalin.

Khrushchev followed Stalin with threats to bury the West. He boasted of great gains in science and industry. The Soviets did indeed surpass the United States in steel production, international athletic contests, and with their Sputnik. Moreover, they became very influential in the Third World, despite the fact that many of the Third World's recently liberated nations owed their independence to Washington's insistence that the European powers adjourn their empires. France and Britain were humiliated by the Suez crisis and war in Algeria. The United States seemed to stumble from bungle to bungle as it so often does until matters become critical; and then came Vietnam, Watergate, and Jimmy Carter. From the 1930s to the early 1980s, all the smart money among world sophisticates was with Marxism. Then in Eastern Europe in 1989 and in Moscow in 1991 the Marxist establishment evaporated.

Today, about the only place where one can count on finding minds absorbed with the numinous abstract flapdoodle of Marxism is at an American university. There so many of the profs believe that wealth is created by stealing—expropriation of the rich, say the rigorists; higher taxes, say the civic-minded! And most of the angry ideologies that fume and fret on campus are the deformed offspring of Dr. Marx. Militant feminists, militant homosexualists, and *enragés* of the multicultural mysteries—all have adopted many of Marx's complaints against Western civilization and much of his jargon, his nonsense about dialectical shimmies in the cosmos, false consciousness, scientific socialism, and endless class warfare.

But whatever happened to the Marxist dream of a monolithic Communist world of peace and freedom, and where have the real practicing Marxists gone, as opposed to the American pseudos? I have had a year to think about it, aided by interviews in Eastern Europe and books, the most recent being Adam Ulam's useful *The Communists: The Story of Power and Lost Illusions, 1948-1991* (Scribners, $27.50). My conclusion is that in Prague, in Warsaw, even in Moscow, it just became too hard to be a Communist. Tyrannizing one's fellow citizens became a savorless burden; and so the old boys retired to their dachas in the country, leaving their once proud nations in a heap. Perhaps there is hope for American feminists and all the other intolerant zealots that have come to inherit Marx's angers.

Power was the cancer that killed Communism. As Lord Acton wrote in 1887, "Power tends to corrupt; absolute power corrupts absolutely," which explains Communism's problems from Stalin to the ineptitude of last August's putschists. With the emergence of the tyrant Stalin, all the Marxist dreams of world-wide proletarian bliss were doomed. Then came Tito in Yugoslavia to protect his perks, then Gomulka in Poland, Mao in China, Ceausescu in Romania, and all the other gangsters right up to August 1991. They wrecked their countries and murdered millions. Yet in the West, swank minds still believed in Marxism. Why? They wanted the power a Marxist regime offers. And one other reason: they loved the idiot jargon. To be able to intone gibberish about dialectics and false consciousness is to keep a step ahead of the petit-bourgeois Joneses. ❐

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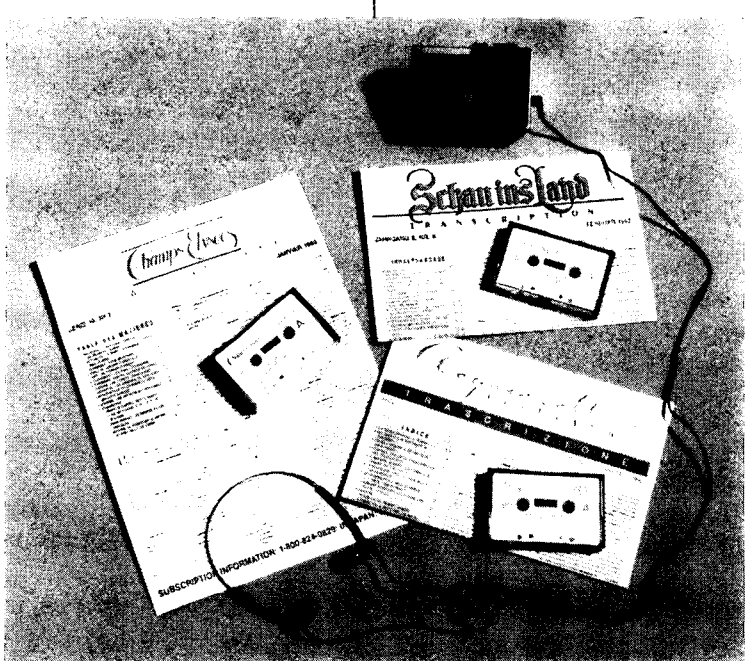

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Better Dukakis

by Tom Bethell

I have been trying to get inside George Bush's head, but as usual everything looks blurred from that vantage point. He has a lot of friends out there, I can see that, and there's a lot of other people he doesn't know, hasn't sent thank-you notes to . . . He's in a war, but he doesn't quite know where to look for the enemy . . . I am tempted to say that he is a good-natured fellow who learned a lot of things, knows a lot of things, but somehow there is one big thing that he doesn't know. What is that one big thing?

At first, one suspects, he doesn't know his friends from his enemies. He regularly takes advice from the latter. "Enemies?" I hear a querulous, Bushlike voice saying in response. "Enemies are abroad. Saddam Hussein is an enemy. Tojo was an enemy, Hitler was an enemy . . ." He rejects the whole idea of *civil* war and clings to his more familiar, somehow more comforting, 1941 worldview. He does think that the House and Senate leaders, Democrats all, are his friends. He knows it for a fact because they meet socially and they have a good time together. Hey! We're talking friends? Meet Rosty, making his way to the 19th tee . . .

His social niceness prevents him from seeing the extent to which Foley, Rosty & Co., far from being his friends, are at war with him. What they really want is to get him sacked from his job. Booted out by the American people! So when he negotiates legislative deals with his Hill Pals he tends to get taken every time. His collaborators somehow fail to keep their end of the bargain. Recently, there may have been some dawning presidential awareness along these lines. In his acceptance speech Bush said: "I extended my hand to the Democratic leaders, and they bit it." *Not* the gentlemanly response.

But this line of thought doesn't get us very far, I'm afraid. The problem is not so much that Mr. Bush mistakenly trusts Tom Foley and George Mitchell, who do not want him to be reelected, as that he mistakenly trusts Dick Darman and Nick Brady, who do. It's not that he doesn't know his friends from his enemies. It's more that he doesn't know where the battle lines are. He doesn't see the real fault lines in American politics. The same blindness afflicts many other Republicans, and Bush has unerringly surrounded himself with them. That's why he has failed to capitalize on the Reagan legacy; has in fact frittered it away, and now appears to be in danger of losing to a comparative novice from Arkansas.

The real fault line divides the productive and the parasites, the taxpayers and the recipient classes. Bill Clinton may even recognize this. At the beginning of his acceptance speech, addressing delegates made up mostly of government-paid teachers, government employee-union representatives, and feminist activists who would be earning a good deal less in an economy undistorted by affirmative action, Clinton spoke deceptively "in the name of all the people who do the work, pay the taxes, raise the kids and play by the rules—the hard working Americans who make up our forgotten middle class." In front of him were delegates for whom work means networking, who are at the receiving end of the wealth redistribution system, who see kids as potential plaintiffs, who *make* the rules more than they play by them, and who habitually regard the middle class as the selfish class: notoriously unwilling to have their taxes raised.

It has long been a conceit of mainstream economics that there is a single economy with two "sectors," public and private. In fact there are two economies: the economy of voluntary exchange, and the economy of captured wealth. The latter is a burden on the former, not an addition to it, as in the mathematical fantasies of economic theory. No distinction is made between a dollar that is exchanged voluntarily and one that is captured by force. Both are said to have equal value. A dollar spent by a bureaucrat equals a dollar invested in a new company and in sum they contribute two dollars to gross domestic product. Bush believes it, Darman believes it, Brady believes it, Mitchell and Foley believe it, most economists believe it, and Harvard and Yale teach it. It was the great triumph of Keynesianism, and the great subversion of common sense, to assert that government spending helps "stimulate" something (production) that it in fact slows down, just as it would be a great triumph of deception for someone hanging round your waist to persuade you that he thereby increased your mobility.

The Democrats are said to be beholden to the "special interests," but a better way of putting it is to say that they represent those who would be earning less, or perhaps wouldn't have jobs at all, in a truly free economy. This state of affairs applies to some ostensibly private institutions as well as public ones. As Martin Anderson points out in his new book *Impostors in the Temple* (Simon & Schuster, $22), private as well as public universities receive government funds. "Principally through funding for research, and grants and loans to students," he writes, "government monies provide about 20 percent of the annual operating costs of private,

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independent universities." It's not surprising that so many profs are in favor of big government. Many of them would be out on their ear without it; or at least obliged to produce something that people want.

Many Americans suspect there's something seriously wrong, but they don't know where to turn. They want "change," but they are not sure how to formulate this more distinctly. They made the mistake of thinking a while back that Ross Perot was what they wanted. Bush, obviously, isn't really listening. The above division of the electorate into producers and parasites would dismay him and would confirm his worst fears about conservatives' lack of compassion. Bush's performance as President can be consistently explained with one assumption: that he quietly accepts the premises of liberalism and all along has regarded conservatives as the great obstacle to national unity and consensus. They, therefore, must be marginalized.

This case was best put by Rep. Dick Armey of Texas, one of the brightest officials in Washington. While lobbying for the budget summit that raised taxes and broke his most conspicuous campaign pledge, Armey pointed out, the Bush Administration applied more pressure to congressional Republicans than it has ever applied to Democrats. "The Bush Administration has undertaken no such vigorous effort on behalf of any other cause," he wrote. It spent vast political capital "on an opposition party initiative," the largest tax increase in American history, while hardly doing anything to "further its own initiatives: economic growth, spending cuts, education choice, to name a few." The administration showed "no qualms about beating conservatives senseless over policy disputes," but Rep. Dick Gephardt could "lambaste the President on the floor of the House in the basest of terms and be invited to the White House the next day." In doing so, Armey added, the White House took loyalty to its illogical extreme: believing that Democrats are "supposed" to beat up on the President, but Republicans are supposed to follow him blindly or "face reprisals," even when he abandons the most basic Republican positions and his own campaign promises.

Howard Phillips of the Conservative Caucus, now running for President on the Taxpayers' Party ticket (on the ballot in twenty-five states) points out that Bush has signed into law: the Americans with Disabilities Act, quotas dressed up as civil rights, the Clean Air Act, hate-crimes legislation, a big tax increase, spending increases of unprecedented magnitude, and an aid package for the former Soviet Union (whose breakup, incidentally, Bush did his best to prevent). Would a President Dukakis have been able to do as much?

With a liberal Republican in the White House, Phillips says, you get two liberal parties in Washington: Republicans tend to put loyalty ahead of all other principles, and so they support the President, usually with the slogan that "he's the only one we've got." Phillips believes that four more years of Bush will completely destroy the GOP. The party is already shrinking fast. Ten years ago, the GOP was contemplating "realignment," it's embarrassing to recall. Michael Kinsley of the *New Republic* is happy to add that Bush is a liberal and never tries to roll back liberal gains. It's interesting to note that the media never talk about liberal Republicans anymore. It suits their purpose to pretend that they don't exist and that Bush is failing, not because he takes advice from liberals, but because he is trying to preserve "the discredited policies of the Reagan years."

In his acceptance speech Bush showed plainly that he doesn't see the lay of the land. He complained for example of the "gridlock Democratic Congress." Gridlock is a word used by pundits to disparage the old constitutional idea of checks and balances. The real problem is that the federal government is *not* gridlocked. Spending is out of control and Bush supports any Democratic initiative, after preliminary quibbling about timetables and dollar amounts. Voters have *tried* to gridlock Washington, by electing legislature and executive from different parties, but Bush instinctively thinks in terms of a national unity government and tries to enact the Democrats' agenda—to show that he's a good fellow and not one of those mean-spirited right-wingers.

Bush lamely noted in his speech that "our policies haven't failed—they haven't been tried." Why haven't they, after four years? And who does "our" refer to? Bush complained about "sharp lawyers running wild," and said he wanted to put an end "to crazy lawsuits." Now the Bush campaign says the trial lawyers are supporting Clinton. Sure they are.

But Bush not only enacted the Americans with Disabilities Act, a lawyer's dream, but boasted about it in his acceptance speech ("43 million people" had now been brought "into the economic mainstream"). He also touted the Clean Air Act, which has imposed a heavy regulatory burden on industry. And he was "proud" to have "strengthened our civil rights laws," without "resorting to quotas." Oh? Even as the GOP met in Houston a class-action lawsuit was filed against Chevron Corporation on behalf of all female company employees in California. They allege they "have been adversely affected by continuing discriminatory policies," which "have a disparate impact on women."

Could someone in the White House please tell George Bush about disparate impact? This is the argument that discrimination can be demonstrated numerically, without recourse to intent. The problem is that it's no longer just an argument, it's the law. Bush enacted it last fall, surrounding himself at the signing ceremony with a great smiling phalanx of Democrats, civil rights activists, and NAACP types. The Democrats were happy to avoid the word "quota" to get what they really wanted from Bush, a new law eliminating one of our most basic civil rights—the presumption of innocence (for employers). And they got it. The liberals have been able to get almost everything they want out of Bush. But if Mike Dukakis had been in office and had tried to implement the same agenda, the GOP would have constituted a real opposition, not a fake one. It's unlikely, in that event, that we would now be saddled with the regulatory, fiscal and legal fiascos of the last four years.

There's a silver lining, then, if Bill Clinton wins the election. Liberal Republicanism will finally be discredited, and conservatives will have a chance to regroup. ❐

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Clinton's Bert Lance?

Arkansas banker Jackson Stephens, deeply involved in BCCI, has had access to the last three Presidents, and both candidates in this election owe him big.

by James Ring Adams

Mike McAlary, the *New York Post*'s specialist on organized crime, scored a genuine scoop last February: "Clinton and BCCI candidate's money man linked to scandal bank," the headline ran. It involved large-scale Arab influence on American politicians of both parties. It came directly from a sterling source, the office of Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau, a distinguished Democrat. But no major paper followed up on the story. The *Wall Street Journal* even dismissed it in an article on the *Post*'s savaging of Clinton in the raucous New York primary.

Why did the watchdog press so quickly lose interest? Quite possibly it was because McAlary had been handed a can of worms too tangled for most reporters to follow; Gennifer Flowers was easier to grasp. Some pundits speculated privately that the mainstream press held back because the story had been leaked prematurely, that the political insiders who normally spoonfeed such material to Bigfoot journalists were holding it in reserve for the fall campaign.

But new developments make this "October Surprise" unlikely. The story points to Bill Clinton's camp surely enough, but it also leads straight to President Bush's family. Links forged over two decades between American politics and Saudi business interests may even help explain American policy toward the Middle East, including the mid-eighties tilt toward Iraq and its absolutely necessary correction in Desert Storm. But neither party may want the public to hear much about them.

More was involved than the understandable Saudi attempt to buy influence

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in the superpower that provides its security umbrella. The Saudis and their Middle Eastern allies tapped into a network of American bankers, businessmen, politicians, power brokers, and financial frauds, who flowered under Jimmy Carter but have had access to the White House ever since. Partners in its dealings have included ambassadors, party fundraisers, Washington super-lawyers, and the occasional former treasury secretary.

Although this web seems devoted both to personal enrichment and political influence, it would be paranoid to call it a criminal conspiracy. Its main figures are known as upright patriots. Yet their friends, and friends of their friends, share a startling propensity for financial scandal. Some have received substantial prison sentences, and these were just for domestic misdeeds. The foreign involvements stretch from Abu Dhabi and Jeddah to Hong Kong and Jakarta, and deal extensively with the notorious Bank of Credit and Commerce International (BCCI), the central bank of global corruption. Whatever one makes of this mix of respectability and rogue banking, Bill Clinton now offers it another avenue to political power.

His family has dominated the politics and economy of Bill Clinton's Arkansas for nearly fifty years. He has been mentioned as a possible senior financial appointee in a Clinton administration, even as secretary of the treasury.

The permanence of these networks ironically bears out the populist vision of politics to which Clinton sometimes claims to adhere. Behind the diversions of party politics stand the real powers, the financial interests whose main concern is to maintain their access to government and the economic advantages it can confer. At this level, political, national, and religious differences melt away. Born-again Christians, Zionists, and anti-Jewish Saudis work hand-in-glove, pursuing mega-deals from one fly-speck bank haven to another. The extreme version of this outlook—that the commercial interests actually *control* the government—doesn't necessarily follow; access is all these people really need, and the occasional high-level intervention to protect their interests. On the other hand, repeated scandals over the past seven years have revealed that their operations are far from benign. The savings and loan scandals, the banking crisis, the case of BCCI itself have cost the ordinary citizen billions in lost deposits and squandered tax money, and have ultimately caused a prolonged recession.

Beyond the economic loss is a political erosion. The apparent proof that Washington is protecting a somewhat sinister crew of political fundraisers has generated disgust with both parties and all incumbents. The phenomenon of H. Ross Perot had less to do with the virtues of Perot than with the failings of everyone else. It's ironic that Bill Clinton stands to reap the ultimate benefit from this disillusionment, for his campaign has been deeply indebted to a figure who stands as close to this permanent network as anyone still active in American finance, and who has acted as an agent for BCCI and its Saudi backers from that bank's first encroachments in America. Although Jackson Stephens has escaped the network's criminal entanglements, he clearly deserves the scrutiny the press has so far failed to provide.

Jackson Stephens

The district attorney's leak about Clinton was almost certainly prompted by a *New York Times* series on the candidates' campaign finances. Without appreciating the significance of the news, Jeff Gerth reported that Clinton had received about $100,000 in contributions from associates of the Little Rock financier Jackson Stephens and a $2 million line of credit from the Worthen Bank of Little Rock, which Stephens substantially controlled. Stephens's name rings a loud gong with anyone who has investigated the career of BCCI in the United States. He was one of the crucial figures in opening American banking to Agha Hasan Abedi, the mystical Pakistani founder of BCCI. Stephens's bank and his personal lawyer, the former employer of Hillary Clinton, were separately involved in the local versions of two of the largest financial scandals of the 1980s. Yet Stephens was always considered either an innocent bystander or a victim. In all his dealings, his personal prestige has remained unchallenged.

Stephens, in fact, belongs to the handful of notables who are always just off-stage in national politics: less Washingtonian than Clark Clifford and less publicized than Robert Strauss but nonetheless big players in their league. His investment banking house Stephens Inc. is the most important of those headquartered away from Wall Street. He has had unbroken access to the White House from Jimmy Carter to George Bush. His family has dominated the politics and economy of Bill Clinton's Arkansas for nearly fifty years. He has been mentioned as a possible senior financial appointee in a Clinton administration, even as secretary of the treasury.

The Stephens family fortune began with Jack's brother Wilton R., his elder by sixteen years, who left the family cotton farm in the late twenties to sell Bibles and belt buckles. In 1933, "Mr. Witt" borrowed $15,000 to set up a brokerage in Little Rock and toured back-country banks like a traveling salesman with a satchel full of municipal bonds. He also cultivated the political friends who gave his firm first crack at underwriting their public financing. As the municipal bond market recovered in the New Deal, doubling and tripling the value of discounted bonds, Mr. Witt sunk his profits into natural gas and hired Jack to manage his businesses. With attention to detail, shrewd investments, and a lot of oil and gas wells, the two built Stephens Inc. into a brokerage with almost as much capital as Morgan Stanley & Co. The gangly, expansive Mr.

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Witt played the colorful Southern banker, while the taciturn, bespectacled Mr. Jack pinched pennies in the back room.

Orval Faubus, Arkansas' segregationist governor in the fifties and sixties, remembered the two as the state's "most powerful single political force," and by the mid-seventies they had built an extensive network of regional banking contacts. But Jackson Stephens really came into his own in 1976 with the presidential campaign of Jimmy Carter, his classmate in the U.S. Naval Academy in 1946. Ironically, Mr. Jack became reacquainted with Carter through a mutual friend, the candidate's political guru T. Bertram Lance.

Just as Mr. Jack was becoming known as a national Democratic fundraiser, however, he threw in his lot with the Republican party. In 1980, he backed the Republican candidate who unseated first-term Arkansas governor Bill Clinton. Mr. Witt, however, continued to support the ambitious young Clinton. It was a good thing he did: Clinton made a comeback in 1982 and stayed in the Governor's mansion for the rest of the decade. But Mr. Jack, shrewdly writing off President Carter in 1980, gave a hand to the Reagan-Bush ticket and grew close to the family of George Bush. Through the 1980s, by his own testimony, Jack Stephens devoted himself to building the Republican party in Arkansas. (These GOP loyalties, however, didn't prevent the entire Stephens clan and its business associates from raising some $75,000 for the Democratic presidential primary campaign of Sen. John Glenn in 1983, of which more later.) Mr. Jack's party-building took a bizarre turn in 1990, when the Arkansas GOP nearly tore itself apart in selecting a challenger to Governor Clinton. Jack Stephens backed U.S. Representative Tommy Robinson, a populist demagogue who had recently converted to the Republican party, vowing to "take [it] away from the country club elitists and give it to the working people." The "elitist" Republican candidate was a prominent Little Rock lawyer named Sheffield Nelson, who had previously run the public utility owned by the Stephens family. Nelson recalls that he had first antagonized the Stephens brothers by resisting their attempt to raise the price of the natural gas their wells supplied to their utility. The break was complete when he urged pay raises for the utility's employees, one-third of whom, he said, qualified for food stamps.

The national press covered the primary as a comic opera whose moral was the pervasive influence of the Stephens family. Mr. Jack backed Rep. Robinson, suggested the *Wall Street Journal*, "in a straight-out business deal" to install a governor friendly to Stephens Inc.'s far-flung business deals. Mr. Jack demurred, in a remarkable statement that deserves more exegesis: "It would be awfully easy for Stephens [Inc.], if we wanted to be close to a governor, to be close to Bill Clinton." This prophecy came true, as Nelson beat Robinson and then lost narrowly to Clinton.

At the end of the 1990 campaign, Governor Clinton needed a $50,000 loan for last-minute television ads. He called the president of Stephens Inc., who by now was Warren A. Stephens, the son of Mr. Jack. (Mr. Witt, no longer active, died in December 1991 at the age of 84.) "[Clinton] was somewhat in a panic," Warren recalled. Warren and some friends placed their names behind the loan, helping Clinton to win re-election to the statehouse yet again.

Mr. Jack was still a $100,000 donor to the national Republican party, but his network had already begun to fall in with Clinton's campaign. The Stephens family and friends raised more than $100,000 in crucial early money. In January 1992, the Stephens-controlled Worthen National Bank of Arkansas granted the campaign a $2 million line of credit. On the eve of the triumphant Democratic national convention, Clinton's campaign owed $4 million, much of it to Worthen.

Whatever one makes of this mix of respectability and rogue banking, Bill Clinton now offers it another avenue to political power.

Stephens, Lance, and BCCI

The relations between the Stephenses and Clinton give a sharp insight into Arkansas politics, but they become truly notable because of Mr. Jack's other business ties, especially with T. Bertram Lance. Bert Lance had big ambitions even before he helped put Jimmy Carter in the White House. After losing a run for governor of Georgia in 1974, he took over the National Bank of Georgia in Atlanta and began talking about building a network of Southern regional banks to counter the power of New York's. Lance developed ties with—and took large loans from—Jake and C. H. Butcher, who were developing parallel bank chains in Tennessee and Kentucky. He cultivated the Alabama-born Democratic fundraiser Marvin Warner, who was force-feeding Cincinnati's Home State Savings Bank into a cash cow; Warner later dated Carter's powerful personal secretary Susan Clough and was appointed ambassador to Switzerland. According to a memo circulated in Lance's own NBG, the network included Bankers Trust of South Carolina, which was associated with Governor John West; West became Carter's ambassador to Saudi Arabia. But the real powerhouse was the Texas Mercantile Corporation, holding company for the politically plugged-in Mercantile Bank of Dallas. Jack Stephens hadn't yet built up his own Worthen National Bank, but he was a player in this group. According to a 1976 *Forbes* profile, he held stock in Bankers Trust, Mercantile Texas, and Lance's own National Bank of Georgia.

The election of Jimmy Carter redirected this group's energies from regional banking to global finance. Jack Stephens found himself dealing with banks from Pakistan to Indonesia. The immediate cause was Bert Lance's need to divest his stock in the National Bank of Georgia. Lance had become the

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director of the Office of Management and Budget as Carter's first cabinet appointment, and during his confirmation he promised to sell his NBG stock by the end of 1977. But he had borrowed heavily to buy it, and a sale at market price would have wiped him out. While Lance ran into a hot, humid summer of trouble over his other bank deals, Stephens tried to broker an NBG sale at favorable terms. The bidders included a business friend of the Butchers, an Indonesian banker, and a Saudi businessman named Ghaith Pharaon, indicted last year as a front man for the BCCI.

Through the fall of 1977, and Lance's own fall from his position at OMB (he resigned in September under pressure from the Senate), Stephens negotiated directly with BCCI's founder and maximum leader Agha Hasan Abedi. The Pakistani banker had launched BCCI in 1972 with the intention of making it the first global bank based in the Third World. Several conversations with Bert Lance reinforced his own conviction that he needed a base in the United States, the world's greatest financial power. But state and federal bank regulators had rebuffed his earlier attempts to buy a bank outright; they warned—presciently, it turned out—about his lack of backing by a strong central bank. The NBG purchase offered Abedi a roundabout (and illegal) way to gain his American foothold through the front men he represented as "financial adviser." Abedi himself flew to Little Rock in November to consummate the deal. During the meeting, Stephens brought up another proposition. How about buying not only a bank but a whole bank chain, with branches in New York and headquarters in Washington? The chain was Financial General Bankshares. Stephens himself held stock as part of an investor group that had split in a bitter quarrel. According to depositions filed in a subsequent federal suit, Stephens had fallen out with the bank's president after the latter refused to meet with salesmen from the bank data-processing firm Systematics, Inc., owned by the Stephens brothers. Mr. Jack's faction was willing to turn over control to a foreign buyer, even if it meant a hostile ouster of the group then running the bank. Abedi quickly put together a group of Arab friends as his front men, including the just-retired head of Saudi intelligence, Kamal Adham. Abedi also hired Bert Lance to act for BCCI in the deal.

Abedi's agents quickly snapped up the available stock from Stephens's faction and in mid-December commissioned Stephens to buy more on the open market. The BCCI officer running the show in Washington was a Pakistani named Abdus Sami; by the end of January 1978 he reported to Abedi that he had hired a prominent Washington attorney to help with takeover suits and filings with the regulators. The lawyer was Clark Clifford. (Clifford and his young partner Robert Altman had represented Lance during his Senate troubles. Lance takes credit for introducing Clifford to BCCI.)

Sami also warned Abedi that each shareholder had to keep his stake below five percent, lest he trigger SEC requirements for public disclosure. So every time purchases for one of the Arab front men reached 4.9 percent of the total shares, his account abruptly closed, and further buying went on in the name of the next one in line. By February the Arab bloc, combined with Stephens's holdings, in effect controlled the bank.

Then the deal blew up in everyone's face. The occasion was a peace meeting brokered by none other than Armand Hammer, chairman of Occidental Petroleum. (At times Agha Hasan Abedi seemed fated to draw every controversial figure in the world into his orbit.) Although a severe snowstorm kept Dr. Hammer himself from attending, representatives from the FGB board factions met for lunch in the Washington office of Occidental Petroleum on February 7, 1978. William Middendorf, former secretary of the Navy, and the Washington developer B. Francis Saul spoke for the incumbent managers. The agent for the BCCI-backed challenge was Bert Lance. Thanks to Lance's good-ol'-boy bluntness, the meeting was a disaster.

After the meal, Lance called Saul aside for a private chat. The force behind the FGB takeover, Lance announced, was the Bank of Credit and Commerce International. "We can do three things," he continued. "One, we can get together. Two, we can buy out. Or, three, we can take you over."

Lance repeated his message to the entire gathering. "If you bring together all members of our group, we've already acquired twenty percent of the bank's common stock and intend to take control," he said. "BCCI always wants control. They like to take complete control."

Lance later devoted a lot of energy to denying he said these words, but they were recorded in a memo dictated by Saul and confirmed by Middendorf immediately after the meeting. Saul and Middendorf responded to the threat with a campaign of their own. Within days, Washington papers began to blare about a hostile takeover of the town's largest bank, launched by a sinister group of Arabs. The FGB filed

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suit against Lance, Kamal Adham and his group, and Jackson Stephens. The SEC piled on, charging that the takeover group was illegally acting in concert.

When a District Court judge sided with the SEC, the handwriting was on the wall. Abedi eased Lance out and let Clifford smooth over the conflict. Two years later Saul and Middendorf dropped their opposition, Clifford reassured the regulators and Abedi installed him as chairman of the institution, renamed First American Bankshares. The tragic downfall of Clark Clifford was underway.

But Jack Stephens was smarter. He cut loose from the project in 1978 as soon as the SEC filed its suit. His lawyers managed to convince the government that he acted only as a broker, and he was dropped as a defendant.

Stephens and the Indonesians

Although Stephens escaped from the BCCI snare, he continued his foreign entanglements. The sale of Bert Lance's National Bank of Georgia left the Little Rock broker with an unusual partner, a very rich Indonesian banker named Mochtar Riady. Ethnically Chinese but well connected to the highest levels of Indonesian politics, Riady started his career in a Jakarta bicycle shop and built up a financial empire called the Lippo Group. He entered the bidding for Lance's bank in 1977 through the intercession of an international broker named Robert B. Anderson, who had been secretary of the Treasury under President Eisenhower. (Anderson died in disgrace a few years ago after pleading guilty to federal charges of tax evasion and money laundering.) But Stephens offered Riady an even better deal.

The two first joined hands in a Hong Kong brokerage. Then in 1984, Riady gave his backing to Mr. Jack's most ambitious venture, an attempt to turn a chain of home-town Arkansas banks into a world-class financial player. In a busy first quarter of 1984, Stephens and Riady pumped capital into a statewide chain called First Arkansas Bankcorp, merged with another group of banks owned by C. Joseph Giroir, Jr., and renamed it Worthen Banking Corporation. (Remember Joe Giroir's name. As chairman of the Rose Law Firm in Little Rock, he gave Hillary Clinton the job she still holds. Thanks to him, the University of Arkansas law professor became a big-time corporate lawyer.)

Riady sent his son James to Little Rock as president of the national bank subsidiary Worthen Bank and Trust and started to buy out Joe Giroir's shares. The Arkansas bankers talked of exporting rice to Asia and predicted that their two-billion-dollar bank would quickly grow to ten billion. Then another disaster struck.

From here on things get complicated. All the strands so neatly tied into Bert Lance's dream of a Southern network of regional banks begin to fray and snap into one tangled financial failure after another. Remember Marvin Warner and his Home State Savings Bank of Cincinnati? In March 1985, Home State collapsed, in a precursor of the savings and loan crisis. Ohio declared its first bank holiday since the Great Depression. In the months that followed, it emerged that Home State was tied in "a symbiotic relationship" with a fraudulent government securities company in Fort Lauderdale, Florida, which was stuffing the bank's balance sheet with worthless assets. Warner was making a lot of money from the firm, ESM Government Securities, and he and its principals ultimately went to jail.

As regulators caught on to the sophisticated fraud, they discovered that—lo and behold—the same thing was happening at Jack Stephens's Worthen Bank and Trust. A government-securities trading company from Livingston, New Jersey, called Bevill, Bresler & Schulman went bankrupt on Easter Sunday, a month after the ESM collapse and the Home State crisis, leaving Worthen with $52 million in uncollectible loans. (Remarkably, at one point Bevill, Bresler and ESM had overlapping personnel.)

Even after the sharp contraction of Worthen Bank's ambitions, Jack Stephens and Stephens Inc. kept their foreign deals going. The one now gaining most notoriety put together Saudi money men, elements of the BCCI network, and George W. Bush, eldest son of the President.

Once again, however, Jack Stephens persuaded the government that he was an innocent party. Worthen collected $20 million in insurance on the loss, barely averting insolvency. But the federal regulators went through its books with heightened diligence. By the end of the summer, the comptroller of the currency had cited Worthen Banking Corp. for making "excessive loans at preferential terms" to companies controlled by the Stephens brothers and Mochtar Riady. This practice, charged the comptroller, amounted to a violation of federal law.

The feds eased the Riadys out of Little Rock and ended Worthen's dreams of global expansion. Under pressure from a separate shareholders' suit, Worthen sued its director Joseph Giroir to recover $2.1 million in profits the bank said he had made illegally on his side deals with the Riadys. Giroir left the board and ultimately resigned from the Rose Law Firm. But the partings were friendly. Giroir still represents Worthen and Jack Stephens. He doesn't remember the details of the lawsuit, he said recently, but "whatever it was, it was settled amicably."

A Worthen spokesman says the bank parted ways with the Riadys several years later, so that Little Rock had no role in the latest regathering of loose ends. When BCCI was closed around the world last year, setting off riots at its Hong Kong branch, a buyer stepped forward, offering a highly favorable deal for the Bank of Credit and Commerce Hong Kong Ltd.. The would-be rescuer was Mochtar Riady's Lippo Group.

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Stephens and Bush

Even after the sharp contraction of Worthen Bank's ambitions, Jack Stephens and Stephens Inc. kept their foreign deals going. The one now gaining most notoriety put together Saudi money men, elements of the BCCI network, and George W. Bush, eldest son of the President. The deal, first reported by David Twersky of the *Forward* and then covered in some depth by the *Wall Street Journal*, provided financing for the Harken Energy Corp. of Houston. Eyebrows were raised when this small and untried company landed a "potentially lucrative" offshore drilling contract with the Persian Gulf princedom of Bahrain. Many saw it as no coincidence that George W. Bush, often called George, Jr., sat on the board of Harken with a consulting contract worth as much as $120,000 a year. But the fascinating details came in the financial history that put George Jr. in this position.

In the late 1970s, George Jr. tried to emulate his father's business success in the Oil Patch by setting up a series of drilling partnerships. Called Arbusto '78, Arbusto '79, and so forth, they attracted capital from, among others, a Houston aircraft broker and financial manager named James Bath, who according to a former associate had acted as liaison between Saudi businessmen and the Central Intelligence Agency in 1976, the year in which George Bush, the elder, served as director of central intelligence. Bath's associate also disclosed in the course of a bitter legal fight that Bath managed millions of dollars of Houston investments for Sheik Khalid bin Mahfouz, the most important commercial banker in Saudi Arabia and for a time one of the largest shareholders in BCCI. Manhattan District Attorney Robert Morgenthau indicted Sheik bin Mahfouz this July for a "scheme to defraud" in connection with his investments in BCCI. George W. Bush has given conflicting statements about Bath's investment in Arbusto, finally admitting to the *Wall Street Journal* that he was aware that Bath represented Saudi investors.

The Arbusto partnerships were busts as money-makers, but the investors managed to recoup their stakes through several stock swaps that wound up giving them shares in Harken Energy. But Harken itself needed help, and George Jr. gave it a boost in finding new financing through Stephens Inc. George Jr. attended a meeting in Little Rock between Harken officials and Jackson Stephens that produced an unusual rescue plan. Mr. Jack obtained a $25 million cash infusion for Harken from Union Bank of Switzerland, which rarely invested in small American companies. (UBS, coincidentally, held the minority interest in the BCCI subsidiary in Geneva, the Banque de Commerce et de Placements, and you can spin threads from that web for as long as you like.) U.S. banking laws forced the Swiss bank to sell its holdings, and Stephens found another buyer.

The new man was a Saudi named Abdullah Taha Bakhsh. The Jeddah-based real estate mogul did business with some of the kingdom's most prominent private figures, such as former Oil Minister Ahmed Zaki Yamani and current Oil Minister Hisham Nazer. Although Bakhsh picked up 17.6 percent of Harken's shares, he delegated his role in the company to a Palestinian from Chicago named Talat Othman. As Twersky of the *Forward* first reported, Othman not only sat on Harken's board, he attended three White House meetings with President Bush as part of a small group of Arab-Americans close to former chief of staff John Sununu. The first meeting took place in August 1990, days after Iraq's invasion of Kuwait, and Othman has drawn stormy criticism from other American Palestinians for his staunch support of the American defense of Kuwait and Saudi Arabia.

In spite of his absentee position in Harken, Abdullah Bakhsh continued his American investments. In October 1990 he revealed in an SEC filing that he had bought a 9.6 percent stake in Jack Stephens's Worthen Banking Corporation, the same percentage as the holding relinquished earlier by Mochtar Riady.

The Seamless Web

What does all this intricate weaving signify? Networks flourish in business as in all other human endeavors. Sometimes they start from totally mundane encounters, and in tracing these connections, it's important to resist the constant temptation of paranoia.

Consider Stephens's fund-raising for Sen. John Glenn, mentioned earlier. The Federal Election Commission reports for Glenn's 1983 presidential campaign list as contributors the full range of the Stephens family, executives from Stephens Inc., and employees of the Stephens utilities. They list Marvin Warner and his family and the principals

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of ESM Government Securities, many of whom wound up as convicts or suicides. They list in-laws of Jake Butcher, Lance's multi-million dollar creditor, whose banking empire had collapsed earlier that year. They list names that lead to entirely different scandals too intricate to describe here, except to note that their shadow falls in unexpected ways on the BCCI case. Even in the mid-eighties, these patterns astonished the senior regulators who confronted them; as one exclaimed to me, "It's the damnedest thing I've ever seen in my life."

The BCCI case dramatized a new element in these "connections." From the Financial General Bankshares takeover, Saudis and their agents began to show up in force. Petrodollars of course were eagerly courted by businessmen who could offer political access in turn. Steven Emerson documented this gold rush in his 1985 book *The American House of Saud* (Franklin Watts), which is still must reading among BCCI investigators. In their turn, the Saudis had an overwhelming strategic need to buy influence in Washington. Something like Operation Desert Storm had been anticipated, and planned for, for decades. These connections may be perfectly legal and even in the best interests of both countries. But the public should know what's going on.

What do these networks mean for the candidates? Everyone in business tries to influence the government at one point or another. But the question is how much the private interests are asking and how far the men in office are willing to accommodate them. When bank and S&L owners start pulling political strings to muzzle their regulators, the public will ultimately pay a very high price. Although ambiguity still surrounds the case of BCCI, the savings and loan disaster offers blatant examples of political protection for outright criminals.

At some point in the campaign, perhaps the press will look at the case of the FirstSouth S&L of Pine Bluff, Arkansas, the first thrift failure to exceed a billion dollars. When federal S&L regulators seized FirstSouth in 1984, the story in Washington goes, members of the Arkansas delegation wrote letters of protest to the Federal Home Loan Bank Board. After it became clear that criminal fraud was involved, the Arkansas congressmen wrote a second set of letters, asking to get the first ones back. One of these letters has come to light. In it, Sen. David Pryor announced that because of the regulators' crackdown in Arkansas and Texas, he would hold up the bill to bail out their deposit insurance fund. He did it, too, and it cost the taxpayers several hundred billion. One of the principals in the FirstSouth disaster, by the way, was C. Joseph Giroir, Hillary Clinton's employer.

In his decade in office in Arkansas, Governor Clinton has appointed every member now in place on every state regulatory panel, and his attitude toward the protection of the public should be apparent from the results. Bluntly, it is appalling. Securities fraud has been so rife that the "bond daddies" of Little Rock, the fly-by-night salesmen of worthless issues, have gained national notoriety. (The situation got so out of hand that Stephens Inc. itself called for a crackdown, fearing an erosion of its own reputation.) Arkansas has had one of the highest rates of thrift failures in the country. Clinton telegraphed his attitude toward the crisis when he intervened with state regulators on behalf of a failing thrift owner with whom he and Hillary had entered a real estate partnership. When the *New York Post* first broke the story about Jackson Stephens, Clinton was in New Hampshire, blaming that state's recession on overzealous bank regulators. Perhaps that is why the Clinton campaign is so sensitive on the subject of Jack Stephens and his friends. Ever since denouncing McAlary's article as ridiculous, Clinton and his aides have refused to say anything more about one of their principal benefactors. (My calls to the Clinton campaign were not returned.)

Neither Jack Stephens nor his friend Joe Giroir have been indicted for any of their institutions' misadventures, but it's fair to say that their record makes federal regulators very nervous. Even more unnerving to those who guard the public purse is the company Stephens keeps, powerful company like Clark Clifford and Robert Strauss, who have had the run of Washington for decades. Political influence is a means for such eminent people to gain an edge for their clients.

The career of Jack Stephens shows that the game isn't about ideology or party politics. It's about access, access for the same vast network. When the candidates need money, they turn to the same faces, and the networks flourish across party lines. It's like the scene in the Preston Sturges movie *The Great McGinty*, in which McGinty, formerly a homeless bum who distinguished himself by voting thirty-five times in one election, finds himself being groomed by the city's political boss as the mayoral candidate of the reform party. Puzzled, he asks the boss, who controlled the disgraced incumbent and his establishment party, how he can deliver the reform party nomination. "I *am* the reform party," says the boss. "I'm all the parties." ❐

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Postscript: Although Jackson Stephens and Stephens Inc. have a policy of not granting interviews to the press, the distinguished conservative economist Paul Craig Roberts called this writer out of the blue with a ringing endorsement of Mr. Jack the day this issue went to press. "Jack Stephens is a straight arrow," said Roberts. "His business is based on his entrepreneurial skills. He doesn't need any scandal or crookedness to make money. He's one of us."

The Stephens family's contributions to Clinton, said Roberts, reflected the realities of doing business in Arkansas, not ideology. "What are you going to do if they can cut your balls off every day?" he said. Roberts, an undersecretary of the treasury in the Reagan Administration and a former columnist for the *Wall Street Journal*, insisted that Stephens was and is a Reaganite.

"Jack Stephens has done wonderful things for the cause of liberty," Roberts said. —*JRA*

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Arturo Cruz, Jr. and Consuelo Cruz Sequeira

The Old Gringo-Hater

On the quincentenary of the discovery of America, Mexican novelist Carlos Fuentes takes to cable TV to rediscover some hoary myths about Latin America: nice caudillos, multicultural inquisitors, and the democratic pluralists of imperial Spain.

If 500 years are half a divine day in the tradition of the ancient Hebrews, then this year marks God's high noon for the New World. Mexican novelist Carlos Fuentes has used the occasion to chart the "mutual discovery" of Spain and America since Columbus. In late August, the Discovery Channel began to air his thoughts in a five-part series entitled *The Buried Mirror: Reflections on Spain and the New World.*

These "Reflections" begin with a declaration of failure and a celebration of triumph. The political and economic models that Spanish Americans have copied from abroad, Fuentes reasons, failed because they were imitations, while Spanish-American culture survives precisely because it is the product of an ancient and incessant blending of races, customs, and languages. Fuentes seems not to notice that imitation of prestigious foreign originals is not unique to Spanish America, or that political failure can have cultural causes.

Fuentes links the robustness of Spanish-American culture to a series of mutually enriching "encounters" with the "other"—the Christian Reconquest of Moslem Spain that ended in 1492, the Spanish conquest of the New World that began in the same year, the nineteenth-century wars of independence, the Mexican Revolution, and the influx of Hispanic migrants into the United States. Encounters that he cannot describe in terms of racial, linguistic, religious, and ethnic differences—like the Spanish Civil War—he casts in the language of dogmatism, as a clash between the forces of "dark" and "light." Encounters that involve national sovereignty are simply "unjust"—the quintessential case being the encounter between the United States and Mexico, followed in decreasing order of importance by the former's encounters with Cuba, Guatemala, Nicaragua, and the Dominican Republic. Encounters *within* a national culture—say, between Peruvian society and the Shining Path—are relegated to oblivion.

In the first episode, Fuentes deals with the formative elements of Spain. He deciphers, for example, the meaning of the bullfight, and presents it to us in a language at once clear and exuberant. Matador and toro confront one another at the "hour of truth"—an event that Fuentes correctly identifies as both "social" and "erotic." But while Fuentes manages to convey the ring's sense of timelessness, he also purges its culture of political history. More enlightening is the aficionado William Lyon's view: that since its beginnings in the Reconquest, when aristocratic Spanish combatants practiced their lancing on bulls before clashing with the Moorish occupiers, bullfighting has engendered a strict

Arturo Cruz, Jr., a visiting fellow at the Hudson Institute, and Consuelo Cruz Sequeira write frequently on Latin American politics and history.

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code of skill and honor by which all Spaniards have constantly measured themselves against not only brute nature, but also the universal human temptation to settle for trickery instead of prowess.

Fuentes's overview of Spain under Roman rule vividly describes Christianity's absorption of paganism, localism, and mysticism, but leads into a facile analysis of the Reconquest. According to Fuentes, the Reconquest brought the Christians unity—first the good kind, then the bad. In its initial phase, it was led by humanist champions like Ferdinand III, who protected the culture of his vanquished enemies; and his son, Alfonso the Wise, who sought to advance his father's view of a multicultural Spain. In its later phase, the Reconquest turned increasingly dogmatic, until a dichotomy emerged between—as Fuentes puts it—inquiry and inquisition. The villains of this phase were the Catholic monarchs, who decided in favor of orthodoxy.

But in fact, the holy battles of the Reconquest were sustained by fragile alliances between Christians and Moors, Christians and Christians, Moors and Moors. El Cid, the mythical slayer of infidels, was a soldier of fortune who also fought for the Moors against the Christians, and for the Moors against other Moors. Reconquered Spain, too, was fragmented at every step, though in more subtle and profound ways, which Fuentes does not convey. Perhaps he forgets that under the reign of Alfonso the Wise, Jews and Christians could not occupy the same house; Jews could not hold positions of authority over Christians; and the "insolence" of a Jew bedding a Christian woman could cost him his life. Alfonso also took away from the Jews one of their vital trades: the distillation of spirits.

Fuentes seems also to forget that inquiry and inquisition occurred simultaneously. On the one hand, the completion of the Reconquest led to a transoceanic adventure impelled by curiosity, greed, and faith. On the other, it led to the expulsion of the Jews. In between heroic exploration and cowardly hermeticism grew the obsession with *limpieza de sangre*, or "cleanliness of blood." Spaniards—in vast numbers the offspring of Jews, Moors, and Christians—set out to prove that the content of their character was pure because pure was the content of their veins.

This self-delusion was to be perfected by Spanish Americans, even at the height of rebellion against the mother country. Political adversaries of the Colombian liberator Santander, for example, frequently denigrated the hero's slanted eyes—a mark of Indian ancestry. And those who defended Santander did so in a manner as telling as the accusation itself. One of Santander's admirers, writing in the 1930s, was able to determine, after a thorough genealogical investigation, that indeed, many, many years back there had been an Indian "element," but so minor and remote that it could not detract from Santander's illustrious lineage. The liberator's ancestors, his admirer asserted conclusively, had been *encomenderos*, members of the Order of Santiago, and fighters of "savages."

From Mexico to Chile, family secrets of racial and ethnic impurity still abound: the Spanish American does not want to be reminded of the fact that he is a racial admixture.

Fuentes appears unaware that the Reconquest entrenched the divisive Iberian tradition of suspicion and intrigue, which began to coexist in the late fifteenth century with the impulse to unite in faith in God and Sovereign. The champions of unity, Ferdinand and Isabella, wed in secret, aware that their marital alliance threatened the grandees of the time. Already in the Iberia of those days, all wanted to be small kings in the name of liberty and great kings in the name of authority and order. And so it would be in the New World.

Pre-Columbian America, despite dramatic differences, bore striking similarities to Iberia. Fuentes elegantly explains the religious and psychological meaning of the Aztecs' War of Flowers—whose purpose was to take prisoners for sacrifice in order to keep the last of the five suns in the sky. As the anthropologist Eric Wolf wrote three decades ago,

> In moments of human crisis, men often can find no greater gift for their gods than one of their kind. Yet among the cultures permitting human sacrifice, the Mexica [Aztecs] are unique. No other people on earth has felt it necessary to immolate thousands of victims annually to assure the balance of the heavens.

Wolf also noted that the Aztecs had much in common with the Spaniards. They engaged in holy wars and treacherous alliances; and had nobles, commoners, slaves, and a center bent on subordinating the peripheries. Both had a class of sophisticated intellectuals who addressed the major gods and their esoteric concerns, while the hard-working majority worshipped local, more practical deities. Both placed great value on lineage. And both blurred the line between valor and cruelty. If the Spanish *conquistadores* literally traveled on the backs of their Indian allies, it was partly because the Aztec overlords had already trained them as beasts of burden.

Even a cursory examination of the conquest reveals the conquistadores caught in a web of inconsistencies—legalism and disobedience, utopianism and self-serving interest, rumor and fact. Competition among the conquistadores was cutthroat. Take the infamous Pedrarias, sent to establish order in Panama. The sovereigns wanted Pedrarias to reward Balboa, but also to keep him under control. Pedrarias did that, and more. First he used Balboa, and even offered him his daughter in matrimony. Then he found a pretext to charge Balboa with treason, sent Francisco Pizarro to apprehend him, and ordered his throat slit.

Pizarro and his associate Diego de Almagro were another case in point. They plunged Peru into a civil war, which culminated in the execution of the former and the assassination of the latter. In between the two deaths, a judge was dispatched to Peru. Almagro's supporters, rallying around the figure of Almagro's mestizo son Diego, "El Mozo," were so poor that three of them who shared a house also shared a cape, and took turns wearing it to go out in public. Both

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camps fell prey to suspicion. Almagro's supporters speculated that Pizarro's agents in Panama had already bribed the judge. Pizarro's men told their leader that Almagro loyalists had traveled to the coast to welcome the judge, and gain his ear. Next came the rumor that Pizarro had killed the judge. But in the end, it was Pizarro who died, in part as a result of the avenging efforts of the three Almagro men who once had shared a cape.

Upon hearing of Pizarro's death, his lieutenant Valdivia, conquistador of Chile, wept, but in his loyalty, Valdivia stands out as the noble exception to the rule. Later, he would die a horrible death—forced by the Araucan Indians, as legend has it, to drink liquid gold.

An interminable flow of intelligence—true and false—made its way across the Atlantic, particularly from the colonial subjects to the metropolis. And from the metropolis to the colonies went haughty Spaniards—unaccustomed to the rigors of the Indies yet disdainful of their predecessors. The early colonizers retaliated with name-calling, a spontaneous though not unimaginative release of bitter frustration. Indeed, linguistic prowess became essential to effective socio-political competition in the New World, the exaggerated eloquence of Bartolomé de las Casas being only the most obvious example.

From Mexico to Chile, family secrets of racial and ethnic impurity still abound: the Spanish American does not want to be reminded of the fact that he is a racial admixture.

This last theme is not developed by Fuentes, not even as background to the politics, economics, and culture of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. In 1521, he begins, authoritarian systems were imposed in both Spain and her colonies. Hernán Cortés conquered Mexico; and at home, Charles V crushed a social revolution, which had begun as a conservative uprising of the localities against the royalist center. "Democracy," Fuentes declares, "would have to wait."

What actually had to wait was the myth-making—wait until Spanish Enlightenment liberals would argue that the Hapsburg kings had destroyed the Spanish medieval *cortes* by suppressing a rebellion in Padilla in 1520. The purpose of this myth, as Raymond Carr has argued, was to establish the Iberian roots of Spanish constitutional development; and to give non-French respectability both to the court at Cádiz and to the idea of a liberal constitution at a time when Spain was under Napoleonic aggression.

When Charles set out to bring Protestant heretics into the fold, the result was imperial overextension and an increase in Spain's dependence on gold and silver from Mexico and Peru. Mining was carried out at great human cost, while, ironically, the infusion of bullion decapitalized Spain and capitalized Protestant Europe, as the latter sold manufactured goods to Spain, which in turn surrendered the capital that would help make countries like England great commercial and financial powers. It also exposed Spanish ports to English, French, and Dutch pirates. Fortress walls went up in the Indies, and in Spain, Charles's son Phillip retreated to El Escorial, his "citadel of orthodoxy."

Less provocative is Fuentes's connection of political authoritarianism, religious dogmatism, and artistic emancipation. Fuentes, however, seems determined to explain artistic innovation by once again pitting good against evil—although that most Spanish of artistic achievements, *Don Quixote*, shows us that the world, as Milan Kundera put it, is a "welter of contradictory truths." Fuentes is more subtle when examining works of art directly, and his interpretation of Spanish-American baroque is imaginative, even if it lacks historical perspective at times. Anguished baroque statues, for example, are not necessarily "looking out on a changing world," as Fuentes claims. More likely, as the Venezuelan critic Mariano Picon-Salas has argued, they are remembering the horrible pain of death by pestilence.

Fuentes is at his weakest in examining the years since Spanish-American independence. Among the causes for independence, he emphasizes the emergence of a new identity among Spanish Americans, particularly those under the influence of French and North American political philosophy. Radical ideas *were* an important factor, but by no means the principal one: it is important to remember that in the late eighteenth century, the Bourbon monarchs began to implement a series of administrative and economic reforms in the colonies. Among the creoles (American-born people of pure Spanish blood), these reforms generated expectations of prosperity—and hence resentments. Spaniards began arriving in the colonies again, frequently to take away from creoles the middle-rank government positions ceded to them by the declining Hapsburgs.

Creole resentment was in itself complex. The historian Hubert Bancroft related that in Mexican families, if the Spanish father wanted to silence his Spanish-American son, he would say: "You are a creole. Enough!" Creoles wanted to be viceroys and brigadiers, and they wanted titles of nobility. And at ceremonial gatherings, they wanted seating arrangements commensurate with their keen sense of dignity.

Spanish-American independence, too, was a complicated matter, and not necessarily the result of a new national identity, as Fuentes believes. On the one hand, the creole elites were in awe of the American Revolution, and even hoped that Spanish America would surpass the paradigm of the North. On the other, there was the cloudy Mexican independence movement, which Fuentes has to bypass in order to sustain his sweeping narrative. It is worth recalling that the Mexican military leader, Agustín de Iturbide, was a descen-

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dant of Spaniards on all sides, a fighter of radical insurrectionists, and an officer of the viceroy who had maintained intimate correspondence with his superior even as he began to plot against him. After military victory against the Spanish forces, Iturbide began to look for a monarch. He hoped that Ferdinand the Beloved, or one of his heirs, might sit on the Mexican throne. In Central America, many felt the same way; and those who didn't were soon convinced when Iturbide sent in his troops. Central America was thus annexed to the Mexican Empire.

But if Fuentes has to disregard the inglorious example of Mexican imperialism, he can still go to South America, where epic wars of independence took place. San Martín, Sucre, Bolívar, Santander, and O'Higgins provide the foundation for a credible national myth. And they appeal to the creole predilection for things European. San Martín's crossing of the Andes, for example, had a classical aspect to it, reminiscent of Alexander's and Napoleon's campaigns.

Fuentes correctly celebrates the grand scale of the wars. But he once again distorts them by cleaving the world into good and evil, darkness and light. In his view, the liberating armies were forced by cruel royalists to retaliate in kind. Yet officers on the side of "good" were often killed by their own followers. Santander, for example, survived in the interior of Venezuela from 1816 to 1817 only because he had nothing anyone would want to steal. In addition, Fuentes portrays San Martín as a champion of "institutions," and as a foe of caudillos, or "strongmen." Yet all the liberators, San Martín included, were caudillos—and behaved very much like the conquistadores. Indeed, Bolívar felt that San Martín and O'Higgins were capable of anything for the sake of power.

Fuentes cites Bolívar's having said that, "after Jesus Christ and Don Quixote, I'm the third biggest fool in history," in order to portray him as self-effacing. But the remark is obviously profoundly egotistical, too, and Bolívar is a figure far more complex than the great pluralist incorporator of Fuentes's imagination. There was a young Bolívar and an older Bolívar, and in each there was greatness and pettiness. The young Bolívar delivered his superior, Miranda, to the Spaniards in 1812 in exchange for a passport to Curaçao. Miranda had had a premonition about Bolívar: "I don't want this dangerous young man in my army," he had said.

The older Bolívar was determined to keep Argentina, the United States, and Haiti from the Panama Congress of 1826; yet was obsessed with having England present. But why England and not Haiti? "Let us join ourselves in soul and body to the English," Bolívar proposed, "for then, our America would no longer have to fear that tremendous monster [Black Haiti] that has devoured the island of Santo Domingo; nor would it have to fear the numerical preponderance of its own primitive inhabitants [the Indians and mestizos]."

Finally, in 1828, Bolívar proclaimed himself dictator in Bogota. "I shall say nothing to you about liberty," he told Colombians, "for if I keep my promises, you shall be more than free; you shall be respected. Besides, under a dictatorship, who can speak of liberty? Let us have compassion for one another—you the people who obey; I the man who rules alone."

Soon, Bolívar's own allies, encouraged by Santander, the Colombian hero, made an attempt on his life. But they failed, and were shot, then hanged. Santander was imprisoned, then sent into exile. In his ongoing rivalry with Santander, Bolívar fortified Paez, the leader of the Venezuelan *llaneros* (cowboys). Ironically, Paez would later deny Bolívar entry into Venezuela. Bolívar, "the Caesar of Colombia," was defeated by his own intrigues, and by his own creatures.

If the Spanish conquistadores literally traveled on the backs of their Indian allies, it was partly because the Aztec overlords had already trained them as beasts of burden.

Fuentes does not even hint at the kinds of divisive suspicions that alienated the creoles from one another; or at the ways in which they behaved like their ancestors the conquistadores. As Bolívar was on his way to exile, Antonio José de Sucre—victor in the Battle of Ayacucho, which gained Peru's independence from Spain—decided to return to Quito to be with his wife. On his way from Popayan, Sucre was assassinated, probably by Colombian liberals. It was early in the morning, so his corpse lay all day in the mud, and all night under a full moon. The next day, Sucre's major domo, who had managed to escape the assassins, returned to bury him. Sucre's wife rescued his remains, and, trusting in no one, entombed her husband in a convent.

Bolívar himself died soon thereafter, at Santa Marta, in 1830, at night, enveloped in Catholic rites. Two years later, an avenging Santander returned from exile in Europe, determined to crush loyalists of the dead Bolívar. The hatred would not go away. After an earthquake in 1834 exposed Bolívar's coffin, there were many who wanted to throw his remains into the sea.

And what happened to San Martín, the supposed foe of strongmen? San Martín, who had once scandalized Bolívar in Guayaquil by proposing the importation of a European king, set down the following instruction in his will: "The saber that has accompanied me throughout the South American war of independence, shall be delivered to the General of the Argentine Republic, Don Juan Manuel de Rosas."

San Martín, who died in France in 1850, had been impressed by the Argentine dictator's ability to withstand a French blockade. So Rosas went about with the saber of the great liberator. Rosas was even buried with it, in England,

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where in exile he used to dress like a gaucho and drink maté while looking at the green, rolling hills of his farm. Before dying, Rosas had met in London with his most severe critic, the liberal Juan Bautista Alberdi, who had by then reassessed the dictator in the light of what can be the most disappointing of political experiences: a corrupt democracy.

"Dark and light"—this is the thematic thread that connects the nineteenth to the twentieth century in Fuentes's narrative. His account of the Spanish Civil War pits the retrograde Franco against the enlightened Republicans. Now, Franco, to be sure, was a Phalangist in domestic matters and a cynic in foreign affairs. But he was also the man who later enthroned the "young king" who proved instrumental in Spain's transition to democracy. It is Franco's political heir, Fraga, who now lends moral support to Fidel Castro, and Franco's fellow Galicians who are investing in the Cuban economy. This irony escapes Fuentes, even though, like a conservative creole from the nineteenth century, he now looks to reunion with a democratic, prosperous Spain for part of the solution to the economic and political problems of her former colonies.

Fuentes, celebrant of the Spanish conquest, also extols FDR's Good Neighbor Policy, because it "respected Latin America and its internal dynamics." But respect, in fact, had little to do with the policy, enunciated in preparation for World War II, which was an opportunistic application of the American truism, "good fences make good neighbors." The policy, moreover, was a tacit declaration of historical failure. Ever since the second decade of the twentieth century, Americans had tried to manage customs-houses, banks, and railways for countries like Nicaragua in the hopes of creating honest and efficient institutions. But no more. Now the Americans put aside what Fuentes calls their "puritanical arrogance," and accepted one dictator after another—Somoza, Batista, Trujillo. But this is of little consequence to Fuentes, since FDR also accepted Mexico's nationalization policy.

Fuentes does concern himself with the sovereignty of the little countries when Mexico's is not at stake. The Sandinista revolution, he states, though "new, young and poor," managed "to remain independent, in spite of intense North American hostility, educating the people, creating institutions where there were none, unleashing the forces of a new civil society, and respecting the results of free elections." The leaders of the Sandinista Revolution, to be sure, did try to impose uniformity (and not without crucial support from the Soviet bloc)—Sandinista women, Sandinista children, Sandinista students, Sandinista church, Sandinista culture, Sandinista neighborhoods. But little of that effort survives today. For Fuentes's "young and poor" revolutionaries succeeded not in creating new institutions, but in entrenching old ones—pacts between ruling families, elite-sharing of the national budget, primacy of the army and its general, and the traditional unleashing of violent mobs *on* civil society.

Fuentes exalts the Hispanic Trojan Horse—25 million Latin Americans in the United States. The ardent champion of national sovereignty even criticizes U.S. attempts to stop illegal immigration. The immigrants, Fuentes implies, are only returning to the land that was once robbed from them. Besides, the American economy "demands" their presence.

The American economy does indeed "demand" migrant workers, mostly because they are willing to do jobs their American counterparts will not even consider. But the Mexican economy "demands" the presence of American companies, which provide jobs for Mexican laborers. And yes, sadly, immigrants traditionally have come to the U.S. to be exploited, but at least they come in the reasonable expectation that their children will have a better life. Today, immigrants break their backs toiling; and they learn to fear the IRS, though never as much as they feared the secret police and *guerrilleros* of their countries of origin. Nicaraguan and Salva-doran immigrants who arrive by land say that the most perilous stretch of their journey is not the "scar," as Fuentes calls the border, but Mexico itself, where they are frequently abused and exploited by officials, con artists, and middlemen.

Fuentes, the advocate of cultural encounters, fears a loss of the Hispanic identity to the melting pot. He ought not to worry: American society does not ask immigrants to shed their identity; it asks them to follow a set of rules. And the vast majority comply, because if they do, they can also struggle legitimately for civil rights—while those left behind will lead hopeless lives.

That so many lives in Latin America should be empty of hope is pathetic, since the masses ask little of their elites. They ask the politicos to steal with a touch of shame. They ask public employees to work, at least once in a while. They ask the wealthy to pay *some* taxes. And they ask governments and speculators to squander and misappropriate only a fraction of external loans. Perhaps their humble requests will be granted in another 500 years, if we finally abandon the cruel imagining that makes of foreign powers both the source of our darkness and the lantern of our hopes. ❐

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Mary Eberstadt

Wake Up, Little Susie

Just when you thought feminism was mellowing, along comes bad girl Susan Faludi to do her sulking on the bestseller lists.

If feminists of the 1960s could have looked ahead to the present, what they spied would in some ways have resembled the promised land. More women, including more mothers of young children, are working outside the home than ever before. With this change in the market have come others that once seemed feminist fantasies. Both private corporations and government have devised benefits aimed at the working mother, and both are under pressure to devise more. Day care, though not yet free, has expanded dramatically. In many universities, female students now outnumber males. Women, even girls, now seem freer than ever to do what previous generations would have found unthinkable, or at least unthought-of, from Little League fields to once-male clubs to the combat ranks of the military.

They are certainly freer, as earlier feminists would have hoped, to engage in sex while postponing or altogether avoiding motherhood. To the contraceptive devices already widely offered, the FDA has lately added Norplant, whose five years' duration may soon make the vaunted Pill, with its enduring "human error" factor, seem positively antique. Abortion, by most accounts the single most important concern of feminists then and now, continues apace; vehement national debate aside, the number of reported terminations is holding steady at about 1.5 million a year. Nor did the threat of a conservative majority on the Supreme Court materialize as many feared. As it showed this spring in the case of *Planned Parenthood* v. *Casey*, the present Court will uphold selected inconveniences to the practice of abortion on demand; it will not, however, overturn *Roe* v. *Wade*. In July, moreover, the Democratic party platform and convention finally exorcised pro-life dissent and committed Clinton-Gore to "choice" in the feminist sense.

Alongside these triumphs, though, our 1960s feminists would have seen setback after amazing setback. With the election of Ronald Reagan in 1980, anti-feminists of all kinds moved from what was once thought to be the lunatic fringe into the very warp and woof of political power. In newspapers and magazines, conservative and neoconservative voices proliferated. Already under assault from without, the women's movement also found itself divided from within—often for prosaic reasons.

No-fault divorce, once a cherished cause, did not always seem so equitable in practice. "Trophy wife" entered the vernacular; "trophy husband" did not. The two-income careerist household, another favorite cause, had its frictions.

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Women who had learned from feminism to equate running a household with indolence thought again when they tried it themselves—especially with children. Real life seemed to clash with liberation on other battlegrounds, too. Even ardent feminists sometimes balked at what were said to be the movement's new frontiers—female reporters in locker rooms, mothers in combat, teenage girls in abortion clinics. Sexual liberation itself seemed rife with unexpected problems: "date rape," "sexual harassment," venereal disease, rising illegitimacy.

Whatever its consolations, then, feminism as a movement has for years careened from crisis to crisis. The troops have been defecting; the leadership is splintered and squabbling. As loyalist Ellen Goodman wrote earlier this year, "What is missing in the women's movement is movement." Sally Quinn, writing in the *Washington Post* this spring, found feminism as we know it not only dead, but murdered—by its own. "The people who spoke for the movement," she argued, "were never completely honest with women. They didn't tell the truth. . . . Instead of helping women fulfill their needs, helping the 'total woman,' they acted as if women had but one side and ignored the realities of husbands and children."

As Quinn acknowledged, this latest round of obituaries was in fact just a postscript to the revisionism that had been going on among feminist leaders for years. Chief among these was Betty Friedan, whose 1981 book, *The Second Stage*, charged feminists with denigrating motherhood and leading women into "female machismo." "Our failure," she wrote then, "was our blind spot about the family." Other recantations followed hers. By 1992, when the National Organization for Women chose as its president Patricia Ireland—a married woman who coyly acknowledged her lesbian adultery—it seemed anything but controversial to say, as Sally Quinn did, that "many women have come to see the feminist movement as anti-male, anti-child, anti-family, anti-feminine."

But a funny thing happened on the way to feminism's latest funeral. Even as pieces like Quinn's seemed to ratify the popular mood, the most vehement and unapologetic call to arms to issue from the feminist camp in many years was enjoying sensational success. In *Backlash: The Undeclared War Against American Women*, former *Wall Street Journal* reporter Susan Faludi could be found declaring that every single tenet of revisionist thought about feminism was wrong. The "man shortage," "burnout," "baby fever," and other ills said to be afflicting American women—all these, according to *Backlash*, were myths. Women had not been made miserable by feminism, but by a "powerful counter-assault on women's rights." Their discontent had nothing to do with "wedding rings and bassinets," everything with "justice for their gender." Feminism had not been laid flat by its successes, but by a "society-wide backlash," a "relentless whittling-down process that has served to stir women's private anxieties and break their political wills."

The speed with which *Backlash* and its message became ubiquitous in the mass media almost defies description. As always, success owed something to timing. When the book appeared in stores a year ago, most of America was devouring the spectacle of Clarence Thomas's nomination hearings. That fact alone guaranteed an instant news "peg" for *Backlash* in many a subsequent musing about politics, sex, and the workplace.

In a move unusual in the world of publishing, Crown (Faludi's publisher) and Little, Brown (Steinem's) jointly promoted the two books together. This strategy created another nearly irresistible peg: that of passing the torch from the old generation of feminists to the new.

A few months later, feminist *grande dame* Gloria Steinem published her own autobiography, *Revolution from Within: A Book of Self-Esteem*. In a move unusual in the world of publishing, Crown (Faludi's publisher) and Little, Brown (Steinem's) jointly promoted the two books together. This strategy created another nearly irresistible peg: that of passing the torch from the old generation of feminists to the new. The fact that Steinem's book was often castigated for its feminist backsliding redounded further to the credit of the no-holds-barred *Backlash*, at least among feminist readers. Whatever tension their combination may have implied, Steinem and Faludi were to appear together—in person, in ads, on the cover of *Time*, and in the reams of commentary on both books.

But marketing, however savvy, goes only part of the way to explaining the *Backlash* phenomenon. Rave reviews helped, too. "Powerful, shocking, thought-provoking, inspiring, and truly groundbreaking," "a must-read for women across the nation": these verdicts by Eleanor Smeal on the book's jacket were soon to be repeated by the score. So too was the judgment of Eleanor Clift in the *Washington Post* that "just as Friedan first gave voice to the 'problem that has no name,' Faludi has come along to rescue feminism from the trash heap of history." *Time* called *Backlash* "one of those landmark books that shape the opinions of America's opinion makers"; the *Los Angeles Times*, "the right book at exactly the right time." Many more found the book "witty," "forceful," "brilliant," and "trenchant"; John McLaughlin called Faludi "the best thinker of the year."

With these accolades came many others. For most of the

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past year, *Backlash*—now in its tenth printing—has been a fixture on the bestseller list. Faludi was profiled in countless magazines, including *People*. So heavy was the demand for personal appearances that she left her job as a reporter for the *Wall Street Journal* to join the lecture circuit. In February, and despite stiff competition in the category of general non-fiction, a divided jury handed *Backlash* a coveted National Book Critics Circle award. Finally, in what may be the most succinct measure of the book's extraordinary success and clout, its author has reportedly signed a $1.5-million contract for her next book, rumored to be about men.

The National Book Critics Circle award was not the first such prize to come Faludi's way. Last year, she also won a Pulitzer for a *Wall Street Journal* story (May 16, 1990) about the sufferings imposed on employees by the leveraged buyout of Safeway Stores Inc. That Pulitzer came equipped with a story of its own. As David Streitfeld reported in April of this year for the *Washington Post*:

> Faludi already has had recourse to a lawyer to protect her reputation. That happened when she saw the description of a forthcoming book, *The Power and the Money: Inside the Wall Street Journal*, a muckraking effort by Francis X. Dealy, Jr. that won't appear until fall at the earliest but is already causing a bit of consternation at the paper. . . .
>
> Faludi appears in this line: "The *Journal*'s 1990 Pulitzer Prize-winning article on the Safeway [leveraged buyout] was largely a replication of a piece published two years before in the *Texas Observer*." . . .
>
> Faludi's lawyer, Martin Garbus, has had a number of communications with Carol publisher Steven Schragis about the implications he feels are present in the word "replication" and its perhaps libelous connotations. But Dealy has not changed his mind. He still feels there are a number of points of "finite commonality" between the *Journal* and the *Observer* pieces. He's not the only one who thinks so.

To see why, there is no substitute for reading the two pieces side by side. On December 23, 1988, the *Observer* published an article by reporter Bill Adler entitled "Leveraged Lives." This was an account of the "flesh and blood consequences" and "human damage" suffered by Safeway employees in Texas as a result of the company's buyout by some of Safeway's management and Kohlberg Kravis Roberts and Co. On May 16, 1990, the *Journal* published "The Reckoning: Safeway LBO Yields Vast Profits but Exacts A Heavy Human Toll." This was an account of the "enormous human costs" and "unintended side effects" suffered by Safeway employees in Texas and elsewhere in the country as a result of the buyout.

Broad similarities aside, a number of details appear in both accounts. Both pieces paint unsympathetic portraits of Safeway's then-44-year-old chairman, Peter Magowan. Both pieces paint sympathetic portraits of two particular workers: James White, a trucker who worked for Safeway for thirty years and killed himself after losing his job; and Bill Mayfield, Jr., a mechanic who attempted suicide after losing his.

The day after Safeway closed its stores in Dallas, wrote Adler, "it would be the first time the local office of the Texas Employment Commission opened on a Saturday." "When the Dallas Division shut down," said the *Journal* piece, "the state unemployment office had to open on the weekend—for the first time ever—just to accommodate the Safeway crowds."

Here is Adler again:

> Of the 8,814 Dallas division workers who lost their jobs—all but the most senior management of the division were laid off—the average length of employment was 17 years.

Here is the *Journal*:

> The following spring, the entire Dallas-area division was shut down, and nearly 9,000 more employees were dismissed—employees with an average length of service of 17 years.

Both pieces also mention the North Texas Food Bank. Adler writes:

> The [Safeway Employees Association] was instrumental in forming the food bank in 1982 and Safeway remained the single largest donor—averaging 45,300 pounds of food per month—until the closing.

Again, the *Journal*:

> The North Texas Food Bank suffered, too. It lost a founding member and its leading contributor; Safeway used to donate 600,000 pounds of food per year.

Here is Adler's description of James White's death:

> . . . [A] year to the day after James White worked his final day for Safeway. . . . he walked into the bathroom of his tidy home. As he did so, he told his wife, as he often did, that he loved her. . . . The faint noise came from the bathroom. James White had ended his life as quietly as he lived it: he had shot himself in the head.

Here is the *Journal*'s:

> In 1988, [James White] marked the one-year anniversary of his last shift this way: First he told his wife he loved her, then he locked the bathroom door, loaded his .22 caliber hunting rifle and blew his brains out.

Apart from its subject, thesis, point of view and the list of particulars above, the *Journal* piece differs significantly from Adler's. It provides a fuller account of Safeway's buyout and of LBOs more generally. It includes much more information about the key players in the transaction, particularly those in the KKR group. In addition to the workers in Dallas, the *Journal* piece also mentions workers in Denver, Oakland, San Francisco, and some other cities. Finally, while Adler's piece is almost exclusively a human-interest story, the *Journal*'s suggests broad conclusions about leveraged buyouts in general.

Back at the *Texas Observer*, a struggling bi-weekly whose editor, Louis Dubose, regrets the rock-bottom wages

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his reporters make, these differences are scant consolation. "On the day Faludi won the award," Dubose says wryly over the phone, "I called Bill up early in the morning to congratulate him for winning the Pulitzer. He said that several other people had already called with the same message."

Neither Bill Adler nor the *Texas Observer* is mentioned in the *Journal*'s piece.

Faludi's *Backlash*, in any event, had an inspiration all its own. According to a piece she wrote later for the *Chicago Tribune*'s Sunday magazine, *Backlash* was born in 1986, when *Newsweek* published its cover story about a now-famous study by two Yale sociologists and a Harvard economist. Based on previous American marriage patterns, the authors of the study had argued, it would appear that never-married college-educated women faced a decreasing likelihood of marriage as they grew older. In the hands of *Newsweek* and other popular magazines, the dry data provided by the study soon became grist for many a hair-raising speculation about whether older women, particularly career women, would ever marry at all.

These speculations threw then-27-year-old Susan Faludi into a slump. She read the *Newsweek* piece en route to a friend's wedding "and landed at LaGuardia in a black mood." At the wedding itself, "watching her trip down the aisle, the gray Harvard MBA suit shucked in favor of a white lace gown, I found myself unaccountably mournful, passed over."

"On the day Faludi won the award," Dubose says wryly over the phone, "I called Bill up early in the morning to congratulate him for winning the Pulitzer."

The doldrums did not last long, however. Back at her job as a staff writer for *West* magazine, the reporter began devouring the new literature of marital odds. In the gap between what the Harvard-Yale team had actually said and the sensationalism attached to those findings by the mass media, Faludi detected the makings of a "myth." This led her to the trial of many other "trend stories" of the 1980s—on infertility, "burnout," the "mommy track," and so on—and soon myth after myth was exploding on the screen. The result four years later was *Backlash*.

Here we have what might be called Contradiction One of *Backlash*: It is a book conceived in marital neurosis, yet dedicated to the proposition that spinsterhood is the cure. Here is what emerges from the opening chapters: As a survey for *Cosmopolitan* magazine proved, "not only do single women make more money than their married sisters; they have better health and are more likely to enjoy regular sex." Another study is said to show that "single women reported the greatest satisfaction with their lives," still another, that "single women who worked . . . were in far better mental or physical shape than married women, with or without children, who stayed home."

Exactly how dangerous *is* marriage? "The warning issued by family sociologist Jessie Bernard in 1972 still holds true: 'Marriage may be hazardous to women's health.'" "Study after study shows single women enjoying far better mental health than their married sisters." Married women, the author reports, are more likely to be plagued by

> nervous breakdowns, nervousness, heart palpitations, and inertia . . . insomnia, trembling hands, dizzy spells, nightmares, hypochondria, passivity, agoraphobia and other phobias, unhappiness with their physical appearance, and overwhelming feelings of guilt and shame.

Moreover, as the "depression literature" shows, there seem to be "only two prime causes for female depression: low social status and marriage."

Single career women, then, are happier than ever before—except when they are being more miserable, which is an argument that *Backlash* makes simultaneously. Here we have Contradiction Two. Childless and single women, the book mourns, have come to feel like "circus freaks." Many others suffer from "high marital panic," "depression," and increased "anxiety and guilt." Women at large are beset by "malaise and enervation"; they have lost their "collective spirit." Today's women—all women—feel empty, out of touch, alone. "Young and old women, nonideological undergraduates and feminist activists alike, have felt the pain of this new isolation."

These feelings of anxiety and pain, the text continues, have been implanted in women without their knowledge by a malevolent outside force. That force is the decade-old (sometimes age-old) cultural backlash against feminism. It has "moved through the culture's secret chambers, traveling through passageways of flattery and fear." At its most powerful, it "lodges inside a woman's mind and turns her vision inward, until she imagines the pressure is all in her head." Yet the backlash, the author insists, is neither a "conspiracy" nor an "organized movement." "Often, the people who serve its ends" are not even "aware of their role." Rather,

> its workings are encoded and internalized, diffuse and chameleonic. . . . Taken as a whole, however, these codes and cajolings, these whispers and threats and myths, move overwhelmingly in one direction: they try to push women back into their acceptable roles—whether as Daddy's girl or fluttery romantic, active nester or passive love object.

Thus Contradiction Three. The backlash, with its "agents," "infiltration," "secrecy," and "codes" behaves exactly like a conspiracy—except that Faludi insists that it isn't one.

A few years ago, the book explains, stories proliferated in the popular culture about the yearning for motherhood among career women. These stories, Faludi writes, made many readers feel "desperate, unworthy, and shameful for failing to reproduce on the media's

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schedule." The readers then erroneously "decided that the signals were coming exclusively from their own bodies, not their newspapers." Thus the backlash in action. Similarly, the "marriage panic"—another topic of late 1980s journalism—"didn't show up in the polls until after the press's promotion of the Harvard-Yale study." Infertility, "toxic" day care, the "man shortage"? Backlash again. Such trend stories, the author argues, were manufactured by reporters who "claimed to divine sweeping shifts of female social behavior while providing little in the way of evidence to support their generalizations." Here we have what might kindly be called Contradiction Four: that the writer credited with the prize-winning piece on Safeway should deplore the work habits of other reporters.

From the mass media that ignited it, the backlash motored along through the culture. The entrepreneurs of misery jumped aboard. "Advice writers and pop therapists, matchmaking consultants, plastic surgeons and infertility specialists have both fueled and cashed in on women's anxiety and panic under the backlash." So did Hollywood, offering such regressive fare as *Crossing Delancey*, *Working Girl*, *Baby Boom*, and, of course, *Fatal Attraction*, whose "message" was that "the best single woman is a dead one." On television, the hit show "thirtysomething" displayed "a complete pantheon of backlash women," "from blissful homebound mother to neurotic spinster to ball-busting single career woman." The fashion world exploited the new mood by fobbing off on women an array of repressive attire: miniskirts, baby-doll dresses, low necklines; teddies, underwire bras and girdles; lingerie tailored to men's fantasies. The backlash also benefited from synergy. "Hollywood," for example, "hastened to the aid of the intimate-apparel industry, with garter belts in *Bull Durham*, push-up bras in *Dangerous Liaisons*, and merry-widow regalia galore in *Working Girl*."

Women did try to resist these new assaults. In the matter of underwear, for example, they spurned the G-string and thong and "just kept reaching for the all-cotton Jockeys." ("Women," the author explains, "want underwear that won't ride up, won't fall apart in the wash, and actually is the size promised on the label.") Women, according to Faludi, also continued to demand career-girl's clothes and politically correct television, to postpone their wedding dates, and in general "to want" what "they have always wanted." Ergo, Contradiction Five: The backlash business allegedly made "record profits" by exploiting millions of women—but these same millions of women allegedly rejected the backlash at the cash register.

In Washington itself, meanwhile, the backlash was busy "dismantling the federal apparatus for enforcing equal opportunity, gutting crucial legal rulings for working women, undermining abortion rights, halting birth control research, and promulgating 'fetal protection' and fetal rights' policies."

Here we have what might be called Contradiction One of Backlash*: It is a book conceived in marital neurosis, yet dedicated to the proposition that spinsterhood is the cure.*

Like most feminists today, Faludi places women and fetus on opposing sides of the ideological chessboard. By the 1990s, she writes, women's "reproductive freedoms" were in "greater jeopardy" than they had been in years. This was partly thanks to the medical profession, which had "defined the fetus as an independent patient" and the pregnant woman as a mere "ancillary party." But the "most blatant and violent agents" of the backlash remained the anti-abortion activists. These men (with the exception of Cindy Terry, wife of Operation Rescue leader Randall Terry, Faludi writes only of the men) were chiefly concerned with stopping women from "climbing into the sexual driver's seat." Some, like Randall Terry himself, were also apparently in it for the cash. Terry, the author points out, used to live in a "trailer park"; he "scooped ice cream" and "sold jalopies" for a living; he went to an "unaccredited school." "It was not until Terry started Operation Rescue, and hundreds of thousands of dollars in donations started rolling in, that he was able to make a living wage." Whatever their ugly motivations, the effect of the anti-abortion activists remained the same—the most vicious assault yet in the "long, painful and unremitting campaign to thwart women's progress."

The discussion of abortion and its critics brings up Contradiction Six: The successful, Harvard-educated author of *Backlash*—who of course champions poor against rich, town against gown—in fact views actual members of those groups with the condescension of aristocrats everywhere. This is true whether the member is Randall Terry (he and his wife "lived like charity cases," Faludi sniffs), or actual working women themselves, from the "Tupperware-hawking homemaker" to the millions who are, in the author's pitying judgment, "stuck in traditional 'female-only' jobs—as secretaries, administrative 'support' workers, and sales clerks."

How, then, did *Backlash*—a work so riddled with illogic that it cannot accurately be called an argument—become a pillar of reverential worship? In part, the answer lies in the awesome size of the book's equipment. *Backlash*, which weighs in at 460 pages of text and 91 more of footnotes, is a torrential outpouring of social science numbers and jargon. As the author explained to *Time*, "In an odd way I was playing more by the boys' rules—saying, O.K., you men will listen to data and 'rational arguments' and statistics, and the body of evidence will convince you."

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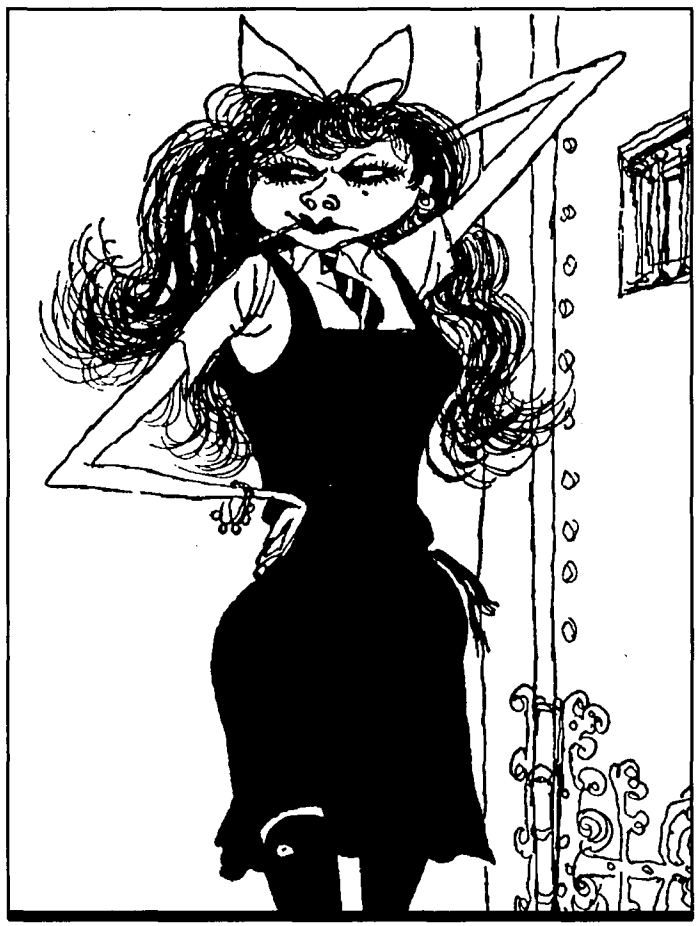
A few words about that "evidence." Even her most fervent admirers have felt compelled to demur on the subject of Faludi's use of numbers. As Ellen Goodman, who has tried harder to promote *Backlash* than almost any other journalist in print, put it gently, "Ms. Faludi marshals her evidence, but leaves out pieces that don't fit her puzzle." *Time*, *Working Woman*, and other friendly sources have politely said the same. In a letter to the *New York Times*, Barbara Lovenheim, author of *Beating the Marriage Odds: When You Are Smart, Single, and Over 35*, was more blunt. Faludi, she wrote, "skews data, misquotes primary sources and makes serious errors of omission."

For example, in discussing the risks associated with postponing childbearing, *Backlash* had claimed that "women under 35 now give birth to children with Down syndrome at a higher rate than women over 35." This statement, as Lovenheim argued, "flies in the face of all conventional medical wisdom"; it was also, she charged, contradicted by the very sources Faludi cited. In another case, as she attempted to rebut fears of a "man shortage" for older career women, Faludi had pointed out that bachelors in fact outnumber never-married women. True enough, Lovenheim wrote; "but she fails to mention how divorced men and women and widows and widowers shift the balance in midlife." Indeed, "there are at least one million more unwed women than unwed men between the ages of 35 and 54." In her eagerness to show that women remain single by choice, Faludi had greatly over-represented the number of single women who are presently cohabitating. Researchers for a 1986 federal government study, Faludi writes, found that "one-third of these unwed women were living with a man." The actual language of that study, according to Lovenheim: "4 percent [of American women aged 19 and over] were actually cohabitating, about one-fifth had cohabitated before marriage, and almost one-third had cohabitated at some time."



But it does not take a statistician to see that the book's ideology drives its numbers, rather than vice versa. Consider its discussion of day care. Many feminists, and many working mothers, want to be assured only that day care has no long-term negative effects on children. Faludi goes further. In *Backlash*, day care is presented not only as a good alternative to home care; it is, apparently, preferable. For one thing, children appear safer there. "There were nearly 100,000 reported cases of children sexually abused by family members (mostly fathers, stepfathers, or older brothers) compared with about 1,300 in day care." The effect of day care on childhood development is not neutral, but positive: "It seems to make children slightly more gregarious and independent," and "day care children also appear to be more broad-minded about sex roles." Faludi even takes on the commonplace fact—which she attributes to "media reports"—that children in day care are exposed to more illnesses, and hence get sick more often than children at home. "Actual studies," she reports, prove that day-care children "soon build up immunities and actually get sick less often than kids at home." There are not many parents who will find such "actual studies" reassuring, or who will fail to wonder what other numbers lie buried beneath the author's blithe admission that "children in day care are initially prone to more illness."

But perhaps it is unfair to tax the author with her militant indifference to children; after all, she is not one of them. As she explained at a bookstore appearance in Berkeley, "One writer said [that] to succeed, feminists need to look at children from a 'children's perspective.' Why should we? We're adults." She is, however, a feminist, which brings us to Contradiction Seven: the women of *Backlash* itself are servile, faint-hearted, helpless dupes—except when they are being cunning, treacherous, bold self-promoters.

There are, for example, the outright enemies of the cause—women like Phyllis Schlafly, Mona Charen, the Free Congress Foundation's Connie Marshner, and many more. None, to judge by *Backlash*, actually believe the preposterous things they say; most, it is implied, are just playing for personal advantage. (In a fascinating omission, Faludi nowhere mentions that pre-eminent critic of modern feminism, Midge Decter.) Lesser figures are merely dismissed with contempt. A staffer at the Reagan White House is mentioned only to enable the crack that she "was most celebrated for her sexual status as a twenty-nine-year old

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virgin." Cindy Terry, mother of five and comrade-in-arms of Randall, is portrayed variously as a "goodwife" who mows the lawn and "serves" and "clears the dishes." George Gilder's wife, an architectural historian who appears guilty only of having married him, is smeared—for no reason—with this baffling insult: "Maybe this aging prince had considered *his* marital odds—and decided he'd better settle for what he could get."

Then there are the collaborators. On Betty Friedan: "Her book is punctuated with the tantrums of a fallen leader who is clearly distressed and angry that she wasn't allowed to be the Alpha wolf as long as she would have liked." Sylvia Ann Hewlett, revisionist author of *A Lesser Life: The Myth of Women's Liberation in America*, sits at a "well-buffed" boardroom table and "live[s] . . . at a fashionable Manhattan address with her investment banker husband"; and no wonder, for her "attack on the women's movement earned her a showcase in every press outlet from the *New York Times* to *People* to 'Donahue.'" Susan Brownmiller's revisionist book, *Femininity*, was "footnoteless and fuzzy." And so on.

Even the women whose cause *Backlash* claims to be championing are reduced in its pages to stick figures of false consciousness. Faludi makes much, for example, of five women who worked at an American Cyanamid plant in West Virginia. Prohibited from working in a division of the plant that management believed to be dangerous to the human fetus, all five women had themselves sterilized—a decision that subsequently tormented, and was regretted by, each. But did they *really* feel that bad? No. For "the distress these women felt was, in large measure, the result of the signals they picked up from their culture and the way these signals conflicted with the real circumstances of their lives."

What of other real women—for example, those who yearn for motherhood? They, too, appear "duped" by the "signals" of their "culture." *Backlash* has much to say—all of it negative—about doctors who engage in infertility research and offer to help women conceive. Of the women who actually seek such treatment, there is not a word—much less sympathy. "To the infertility specialists," the author explains, "humanizing the embryo just made good business sense." Similarly, there is no kind word in *Backlash* for any woman who chooses *not* to be promiscuous; or for any woman who aborted and came to regret it (another media invention, we're told); or for any woman whose opinions differ in any way from Faludi's own.

Indeed, her discussion of abortion shows just how cold-blooded the author can be. Almost no one surveying the debate these past two decades could fail to see that most other Americans remain militantly uncomfortable with the whole subject—except Faludi. She goes so far as to place the "eyes" of the fetus in sneer quotes—a move that takes her beyond even the pro-abortion advocates of fetal tissue research, who at least know a spare part when they see one. Twenty-five million abortions have been recorded since *Roe* v. *Wade*; but by the 1980s, the author complains, "the fetus began to win out." Well, some people are never satisfied.

As for other acts of choice, there is no honorable mention in *Backlash* of any woman who has chosen to stay home, with or without children to raise. Domestic life is described variously as "inactivity" and "a regressive fantasy"; the press, again, is condemned for "predictable women's magazine treacle about the virtues and 'deep-rooted' values of any woman who has 'found her identity' by serving home, husband, and kids." The "birthing festival" on 1980s television, Faludi writes, was "benign enough, if a little monotonous." Less benign were the shows that portrayed large families, alias "a full litter of kids." In the movie *Parenthood*, she notes distastefully,

> . . . the whole brood crowds into the maternity ward, with virtually every woman either rocking a newborn or resting a proud hand on a bulging tummy. As the camera pans over row upon row of gurgling diapered babies, it is hard to remember that this is a feature film, not a commercial break for Pampers.

"Women," the author explains, "want underwear that won't ride up, won't fall apart in the wash, and actually is the size promised on the label."

Thus the views of *Backlash* on wives, mothers, would-be mothers, and mothers-to-be.

Pitiful as these women are, their single, childless, working sisters are just as frail. "Instead of assailing injustice, many women have learned to adjust to it. Instead of getting angry, they have become depressed. Instead of uniting their prodigious numbers, they have splintered and turned their pain and frustration inward." They are a bovine lot, these modern American women—reeling from their simple faith in *Newsweek* and *Good Housekeeping*, duped by everyone from the nefarious Hope Steadman on "thirtysomething" to nefarious Republicans in the White House, and all the while victimized by nefarious doctors and bosses—even their nefarious underwear.

And so we come to the real whopper, Contradiction Eight: Here is a best-selling, prize-winning, thunderously applauded author whose very premise (if that is the word) is that women like her, born free, are everywhere chained by the backlash. But as *Backlash* does manage to show, women are free all right—free to insist on double standards everywhere from the bathroom to the boardroom; free to blame everyone but themselves for everything from chlamydia and "pressure in the head" to problems so incoherent that they don't even have a name. All this freedom, it is clear, makes feminists very happy. Just listen to them. ❐

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REPORT CITES BIAS AGAINST WOMEN IN DRUG RACKETS

"Aspiring Female Traffickers Lack Role Models," Notes Expert

HANOVER, N.H.—While women have made gains in the controlled substances industry, they still comprise only 14.6% of all drug dealers. Even more disturbing, a "glass ceiling" shuts women out of the top rungs of the profession, according to a new study by Clarissa Spode, Professor of Sociology at Dartmouth and author of "Cracking Through: Diversity, Dignity and Drugs."

Dr. Spode faults the media for purveying stereotypes that discourage women from entering this lucrative field. For example, as the attached chart indicates, "Miami Vice" depicted in total only 127 female "drug industry participants" compared to 1,711 men and 36 dogs. "Even worse, 86 women (67.7%) were portrayed as forsaking their careers only after sleeping with Sonny and/or Rico."

Other experts concur. "Gangster films in general have always been virulently phallocentric," observes Reed College Film Professor Charles Womyndaughter. His scenario for a non-sexist mob movie—"The Godparent"—was treated with disregard by Hollywood. "They were quite insensitive about it," he recalls feeling.

Media stereotypes victimize men as well. "Male dealers internalize the media's image of them," says Dr. Spode. "The one man I talked to while preparing our report was hyper-masculine: aggressive, dominating, muscular . . . and yet, strangely appealing."

One source of bias revealed: Drug dealers on "Miami Vice" (summary of 122 episodes)

	Men	Women	Dogs
Total	1,711	127	36
Shown terminating career	901	92	3
Reason for terminating career: Shot by Sonny and/or Rico	901	6	3
Slept with Sonny and/or Rico	0	86	0

The researchers found chauvinism widespread within the drug industry. "We originally expected gender equality in such a nontraditional, multicultural business," recalls Dr. Spode. "As the evidence of male domination mounted, however, we began searching for an Old Boys Network that locked women out. But given the median life expectancy of 24, we think it's more accurate to describe the sexist structure as a Young Boys Network." Dr. Spode dismisses biological conjectures purporting to explain the inequality, adding that females are seldom invited along on important male-bonding rites of passage, like drive-by shootings.

Linda M., a spunky New Yorker, recounts how harassment cut short her promising career: "I started out in retail, on a corner in the Lower East Side, but the other vendors were very crude, very 'macho.' Whenever I walked by they made these weird sucking noises. So, I went into wholesale to find a higher class of professional peer, maybe even a mentor who could show me the 'ropes.' But my fellow distributors claimed I was on their 'turf' and kept disrespecting me by dangling me out windows by my ankles. So, I went home to Bensonhurst and opened a 'crack house.' But my family and neighbors were not at all supportive of my 'un-ladylike' ambitions, so they formed a vigilante mob and torched my house. I think they were trying to undermine my self-esteem."

Activists denounce the lack of government programs to meet the special needs of mothers who are also dealers. "The very term 'Day Care' reflects institutional insensitivity to those who work mostly between midnight and dawn," points out Dr. Spode. "One mother told me she would never deal drugs because she couldn't bear to think what would happen to her children if she were killed or imprisoned." Dr. Womyndaughter blames the inequity on Reagan administration cutbacks.

A spokesperson for the Drug Entrepreneurs of America League denies charges of discrimination, noting, for example, that Miami billionaire Francisco Fajita employs 103 young women as private aides. The spokesperson admits that older drug lords may not always fully grasp the career aspirations of female dealers, but the rising generation is committed to equality. "Frankly, the industry's elder statespersons were not as receptive to our sensitivity training seminars as we had hoped, so now we're relying more on our rather high rate of attrition." She stresses DEAL's new affirmative action campaign, which aims to increase female employment to 40% of "mules." She concedes, though, that "the goal of a 50-50 male-female split among money-launderers is running into resistance."

To critics, DEAL's steps are too little, too late. They call for a government program to study such problems further. Dr. Spode wants to focus next on "gender apartheid" in the mugging and pornography trades, and to examine why women have been able to maintain a high market share in the streetwalking industry. Says Dr. Spode: "I expect to be shocked by the discrimination I'll find."

-30-

Steve Sailer is a Chicago businessman.

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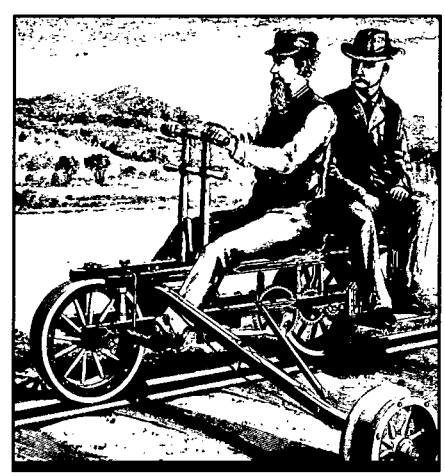
The Last, Best Seat

by Patrick Symmes

The Fourth of July rodeo in Livingston was serious business, with a sold-out crowd in their Saturday night best of broad Stetsons, Wranglers, and cowboy boots. There was some superb rope work out in the ring, and a few bull riders went sailing through the air. An old pro from Ottawa won lots of applause and $5,000 for leaping off his sprinting horse and sideswiping a steer in less than eight seconds. The young cowboy who followed couldn't wrestle his steer down. Ten seconds went by, then twenty, then thirty, until it was agonizing to watch. The kid kept at it, and when he finally pinned the animal down into the mud, two thousand pairs of boots pounded the bleachers in appreciation. The announcer said over the thunder of boots, "The kid ain't no quitter."

There aren't many quitters in Montana, a fact that has produced one of the strangest House races in the nation. Due to the 1990 census, the state known as the Last, Best Place has lost one of its two congressional seats. Neither of the current office-holders was willing to quit, so the election now has two incumbents. Ron Marlenee, the eight-term conservative Republican from eastern Montana, is locked in what he calls "the mother of all House battles" against Pat Williams, a liberal Democrat and seven-term incumbent from the western half of the state. Year after year, the two men have canceled each other's votes in Congress on issues ranging from the Gulf War to abortion, a stalemate that will come to an end in November when voters will finally have to choose between Marlenee's two-fisted conservatism and unapologetic Christian activism and Williams's environmental and social liberalism.

Despite the preponderance at the Livingston rodeo of Stetsons and "Montanans for Marlenee" stickers on pick-ups, the state has another side. Mixing in the crowd by the bleachers I spotted an actress I recognized from films, standing with a comic who was funny a few years ago. No sooner had I turned around than I brushed against a lonely-looking Tom Brokaw, who was being studiously ignored by the crowd.



Montana has become home (or a second home) to a large population of "outsiders"; Paradise Valley is experiencing a real estate boom from all the celebrities, urban refugees, and retirees moving here. Ted Turner has an enormous spread down the road, and I narrowly missed Jimmy Carter (a house guest of his fellow Georgian) at the tackle shop when he stopped in for his fishing license. In Bozeman I saw Jane Fonda at the airport and Michael Keaton in a coffee shop.

Celebrities don't vote in Montana, but the Rocky Mountain Liberal is alive and well in the state's alpine western half, where environmentalism, unions, and Pat Williams are big. In the eastern flatlands, where cattle ranching and oil are king, Ron Marlenee holds court. The two halves of the state have never much liked each other, but now they must cohabitate in a single political dwelling that, regardless of who wins in November, will leave one half unhappy.

The two men are as different in style as in substance. Marlenee is hefty and gregarious, and jabs at his enemies—environmental activists, for example, whom he calls "posy-sniffing prairie-fairies." By contrast the lanky Williams is prone to long, airy quotes from Montana writers Ivan Doig and William Kittredge, and likes to pontificate before audiences on his state's mystical "sense of place."

Two representatives for 800,000 people made Montanans the best-represented citizens in the country, and they are used to seeing their politicians in person once in a while. Marlenee likes small-town parades, where he often appears on horseback; Williams likes the bigger towns, university audiences, and events with the artists and writers who have come to stand for the "new Montana."

"I can't believe there is an undecided voter in the state," a newspaper editor told me. Both men have been courting voters on the other side of the state by moving toward the political center, but there have been some spectacular stumbles. Marlenee briefly tried to talk up his environmental credentials, but his opponents didn't believe him and his supporters were disgusted to find him talking like a "prairie fairy." Williams made a serious gaffe by referring to "evangelical kooks" aligned against him. Williams has supported the National Endowment for the Arts, and Marlenee has labeled

Patrick Symmes is a writer living in McLean, Virginia.

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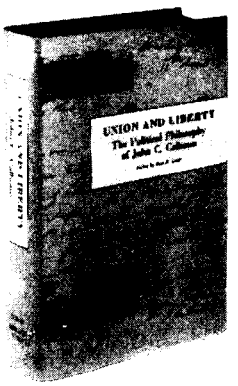

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him "Porno Pat." Marlenee went as far as mailing out descriptions of controversial art funded by the NEA, until the explicit material was accidentally sent to some schoolchildren on the computer mailing list.

At times the flinty conservative congressman has seemed unable to find a safe issue. On a Crow tribal radio station, I heard an attack ad in which Marlenee accused Williams of voting "to give your money to foreign countries, some of them our enemies," and then declared, "I have voted against foreign aid every year I've been in Congress." (Marlenee has in fact voted for some foreign aid bills.)

Foreign aid didn't raise a pulse with anybody I talked to, but the question of wolves has almost everyone up in arms. Many environmentalists want to see wolves return to Montana, and the U.S. Park Service is locked in an endless internal debate over settling some of the predators in Yellowstone. Understandably, farmers and ranchers feel like guinea pigs in someone's experiment. "I'd like to see them restore wolves to the middle of their damned cities," an angry farmer told me in eastern Montana. Marlenee, he said, is the only hope for keeping the "damned ecologists" from taking over the country.

But even the fastest mouth in the West is no match for demographics. Marlenee's base among conservative ranchers and farmers is eroding—some rural counties in eastern Montana lost 20 percent of their population during the 1980s—while in the western half of the state the culture of mountain bikes, recycling, and river sandals is on the rise with an influx of immigrants from the coasts. The conflict between the old and new Montanas favors Pat Williams, and a *Great Falls Tribune* poll in May showed him with a healthy edge. By July the gap had narrowed, but Williams still had about twice as much money in his campaign coffers as Marlanee.

Regardless of the outcome, Montanans will find a silver lining in the campaign. "The rest of the country could learn something from us," the newspaper editor told me. "No matter who wins, we've managed to get rid of half our congressmen." ❐

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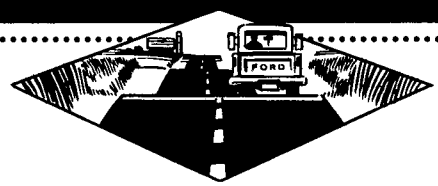


Busting the Bureaucracy

by Michael Ledeen

In the midst of the second democratic revolution, our leaders have lost their bearings, which is neither surprising nor daunting. None of our current leaders expected the democratic revolution to succeed, and none has laid claim to its leadership. Yet our new revolutionary mission—the dismemberment of the bureaucratic state—is made clearer and easier if our vision is not clouded by dazzling leadership. There is little danger of that from either Bush or Clinton, and who would give greater power to either of them? We can do better ourselves.

First we must understand how our enemies subverted the vision of the Founders, who designed a political system to make tyranny of the traditional sort all but impossible, and counted upon the three governing branches to check and balance each other. While this system worked, no official—or, indeed, institution—could accumulate excessive political power. But the Founders could not have anticipated that the two great goals of civil society—freedom and virtue—would be threatened by the emergence of that most modern of political phenomena: bureaucracy.

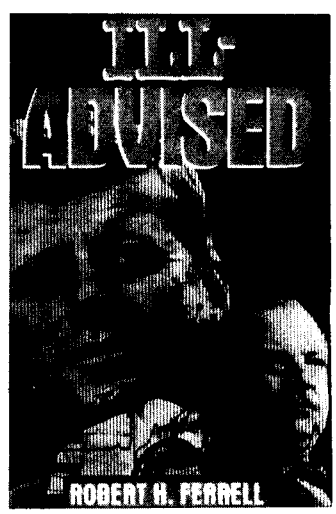
The horrors that awaited us were evident 150 years ago to the French and Russian anarchists, but the first systematic analysis of bureaucracy was produced by a group of unorthodox political thinkers in Italy: Gaetano Mosca, Vilfredo Pareto, and Roberto Michels. The last had been a socialist in Germany, but by 1911 his studies had led him to the horrifying conclusion that European socialist parties, instead of bringing democracy to the continent, had been taken over by "professional oligarchies"; they had come under the rule of what he called the Iron Law of Oligarchy. "The socialists might conquer," he wrote, "but not socialism, which would perish in the moment of its adherents' triumph." Mosca observed that "all political regimes are of necessity ruled by . . . an organized minority controlling a disorganized majority."

Meanwhile, the French historian Emmanuel Beau de Loménie wrote a lengthy series, *La Grande Bourgeoisie*, chronicling the amazing survival of the French bureaucracy from Napoleon to the 1920s. By painstakingly tracking the family histories of hundreds of French civil servants, Beau de Loménie was able to prove that the actual management of French government had remained in the hands of a few hundred families through a period that encompassed the Napoleonic era, the restoration of the monarchy, the bourgeois revolutions of the early nineteenth century, the Second Empire, the restoration of "bourgeois democracy" after the fall of Napoleon III, and the Great War.

So we learned that bureaucracy had powers and tenacity; we then discovered that it grows all by itself. C. Northcote Parkinson proved that there is no relationship between the growth of bureaucracy and work actually performed. Parkinson saw the light while studying statistics on the British Admiralty between 1914 and 1928, a period that saw a 68 percent decrease in ships, a 31 percent decrease in officers and sailors, and a 78 percent *increase* in Admiralty officials. Meanwhile the Colonial Office grew from a mere 372 in 1935 (when Britain had a substantial empire) to 1,661 in 1954 (when there was hardly an empire left).

America was the last of the Western nations to fall into the clutches of the bureaucrats, but by the 1950s, C. Wright Mills could write: "The executive bureaucracy becomes the arena within which and in terms of which all conflicts of power are resolved or denied resolution. Administration replaces electoral politics." And once the Congress realized how powerful the executive bureaucracy had become, it created its own. Today, the federal bureaucracy numbers 3 million people, and state and local bureaucracies add another 15 million, numbers that are undoubtedly low,

IS AMERICA BEING LIED TO?



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because they include only salaried employees.

That official statistics indicate that the Parkinsonian expansion has not occurred—that for the past twenty years, the number of official, salaried employees has remained virtually unchanged—is a hoax of monumental proportions. The myriad new residents of Washington are in the private sector, but in name only, for they are paid by the government. They are consultants and contractors, and it is exceedingly hard to determine how many they are and how much they cost us, because the official bureaucracy has been careful to hide them from public view.[1]

But the true horror of bureaucracy lies neither in its numbers, nor even its cost, but in its inevitably sinister effects on enterprise and innovation. As Ludwig von Mises observed, when a leader delegates, he loses power. To limit the power of the subordinates, he issues regulations, and this is the magical event: "[Subordinates'] main concern is to comply with the rules and regulations, no matter whether they are reasonable or contrary to what was intended. The first virtue of an administrator is to abide by the codes and decrees. *He becomes a bureaucrat.*" It matters not whether the President is liberal or conservative, Republican or Democrat; the bureaucracy moves relentlessly forward, expanding its own sphere of influence at our expense.

This is not to say that the bureaucrats themselves do not have a clear political profile; liberals like bureaucracy more than conservatives do. Like bureaucrats, liberals scorn innovation, eccentricity, and enterprise; they prefer to legislate and enforce. Bureaucracy is the weapon of choice for those who distrust the people.

Someone has to draw up the regs and draft the legislation and write the manuals and prosecute those who try to escape, and that someone is invariably a lawyer. Some years ago a local TV station polled passers-by during lunch hour in the heart of downtown Washington, and found 80 percent (trust lawyers in the world afflict us in the United States of America, and every law they draft creates a new layer of bureaucrats to defend it. Lawyers and bureaucrats go hand in hand. Consult the statistics on campaign contributions, and you will find that the most influential PAC for liberal senators and congressmen is run by the Association of Trial Lawyers of America. These guys aren't trained to be generous in law school, so we have to assume they like the results they're getting. Some of our recent laws, like the latest Civil Rights Act and the Americans with Disabilities Act, are fruits of the great Make-Work-For-Lawyers movement.

For many years, we maintained a Faustian pact with big government, accepting it so long as it protected us from the dangers of fascism first and Communism later on. But now it's a buyer's market; we can refinance. Skeptical? Look at the Postal Service,

where 30,000 "managers" and 10,000 junior workers were purged in August. Remember that the Postal Service is one of the few government agencies that actually does some work, and the ease with which 40,000 were fired suggests that there are tens of thousands—maybe hundreds of thousands—of others who could be removed, to the benefit of all of us. Imagine how many bureaucrats could be purged from agencies that do no work at all! For starters, let's call for a 50 percent reduction, including all the hidden contractors and consultants. Then we can see how much remains to be done.

Professional politicians should be required to swear to reduce their own staff by at least 50 percent within six months of reaching (or returning to) Washington. And they must limit their tenure to eight years for the House and twelve for the Senate, for excessive power and perks accompany people who want to spend their lives in government, not those who are doing a brief stint of public service. The President can order his Cabinet secretaries to reduce their bureaucracies at the same time. If he offers the ex-bureaucrats their old salaries, fringe benefits, and pensions as of retirement age, he'll even avoid the limited political fallout from the enraged ex-bureaucrats.

That still leaves us with too many lawyers. Short of the kind of mass murder that Voltaire once called for, treating this health problem is like dealing with smoking or drugs: the public has to be educated and weaned from its addiction. If we had journalists who were properly educated, there would be a lot more ridicule of lawyers, and that would help reduce their claim to grandeur. Meanwhile, much can be done to help the rest of us escape their grasp. Judges should be encouraged to throw more cases out of court. Losers should be required to pay the legal costs of winners. Straws in the revolutionary winds suggest the process may have already kicked in: almost half of the 250 biggest law firms in the United States got smaller in 1991.

If we're going to do with fewer lawyers, everyone else is going to have to do some serious work, even the politicians. Later this year, the "Ethics in Government" Act comes up for renewal, and with it Judge Walsh's financial life-support system. As the preeminent example of the folly of criminalizing policy disagreements, Walsh has been trashing the survivors of the Reagan Administration's foreign-policy team. Even if the accusations against them were true, the proper remedies are political, not judicial. If Congress doesn't like our foreign policy, then let it propose something better. If the public doesn't like the policy, let them vote out the government. We should be lobbying for the end of the misnamed act that gave us the modern Star Chamber.

So we have ourselves a program: reduce the bureaucracy by half, install term limits, reduce the number of lawyers, encourage judges to throw some of these silly cases out of court, and shut down the Special Prosecutor. Every candidate must be asked to take an oath to that effect or face repudiation at the polls. Agreed? ❐

[1]Martin Gross's excellent new book *The Government Racket* (Bantam, $7.99) gives a sense of the real dimensions of the Washington bureaucracy.

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On Location

by Benjamin J. Stein

Friday

A trip to Coeur d'Alene, Idaho, all by myself. I was going to meet a friend from Oregon, but she got mad at me for telling her she was pretty and sweet, not glamorous and mean. She called yesterday and left a message that she guessed she was "just too flat-footed for a movie star like you" and that she wouldn't be seeing me. So I'm going by myself.

LAX was a madhouse, as usual. The fare wars have stripped even the most trivial comfort from flying. Now we just get shoe-horned in, fed from a pail of slop, and sent on our way. A stop in Portland, though, where I got to see a few sweet-looking human beings, redeemed all of the nastiness of the airplane ride.

I dialed home and found that I had a call from my wealthy English pal, G. He was calling, frantic, from Palm Beach. I returned his call.

"You won't believe what's happened," he said in that upper, upper-class accent that tells the world that he has always been rich. "I went to the courthouse here to pay a traffic ticket, and there was a camera crew from the local TV station, and they took my picture and it's going to be on the evening news."

"So?"

"So, it's an invasion of my privacy. I didn't give anyone permission to show me on TV. I'm not some kind of criminal, and I don't want to be on TV."

I told him that in godless, atheistic media-elite Amerika, the media pretty much make the rules for the wise men and the fools, and that he was out of luck.

Benjamin J. Stein is a writer, lawyer, economist, and actor living in Malibu, California.

Still, it struck me as I flew into Spokane just exactly how much we have lost when it's just accepted that anyone can be put into the meat grinder of television even if he doesn't want to be. It also struck me how rare it was to meet anyone who does *not* want to be on TV. There are lots of non-drug addicts, non-alcoholics, non-overeaters, but there are few non-media addicts. "Fools' names and fools' faces are often seen in public places," this fool thought to himself.

Spokane was like another country. The young women at the Hertz counter were all pretty, friendly, and competent. Plus, they all recognized my fool's face from TV. There were no scary people at all. It was like being high on calm, like being in a dream of what it's spoze to be.

At the resort, on the shores of Coeur d'Alene Lake, I encountered truly lovely clerks and the First Law of Lodging: the kind of room you get will vary inversely with the kind of room you requested. I had written, phoned, and asked in person for a large, quiet room with a lake view. Instead, I got a small room with a poor view, and with a non-stop flow of people walking right by to the gargantuan ice machine next to it.

"I'm new," the lovely clerk said when I complained.

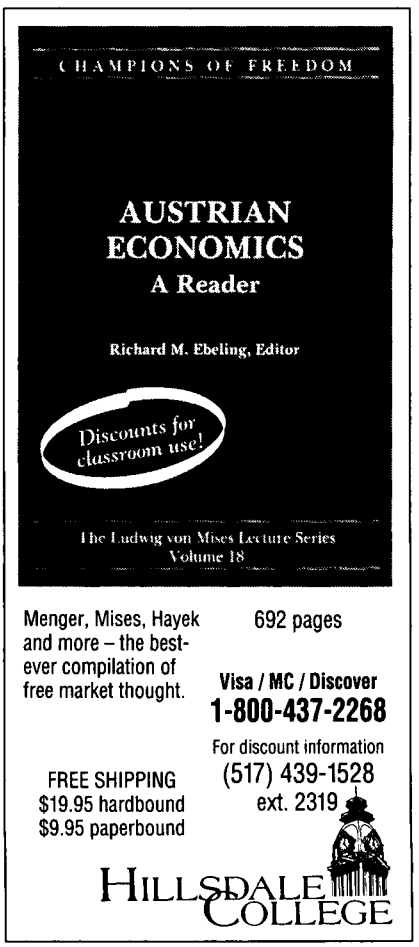
Soon I was in a posh room with a view, far from anyone except right across the street, by coincidence, from a clubhouse for a chapter of my self-help group, Journey into Self-Obsession.

I strolled over at sundown and sat in on a meeting in progress. I noticed right away that I was the only man there wearing a cashmere sweater. Then I noticed that I was the only man there without a tattoo. Also the only one not smoking. Also, I soon realized, the only one without stories about prison life.

"I know I did some bad things," one of the men said. "You can't cut someone up with a knife and not expect to go to prison. But I learned a lot there, and when I got out, I thought I had better just kill my parole officer and go back in to learn some more, but then I remembered how lonely it had been . . ."

A man next to me asked me in a whisper if I was an Idaho probation officer.

"No," I said, "just a tourist. From Los



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Angeles. Very far away. I don't know anyone here. I have to leave now."

I walked down the main street of Coeur d'Alene. The town is right next to Hayden Lake, justly famed as world headquarters of the Aryan Nations. Idaho is supposed to have lots of skinheads, but it took about five minutes before I saw any. Six of them were walking abreast along the sidewalk, staring at me.

I tried to look as if I hadn't noticed them, to blend seamlessly into the sidewalk, maybe look at the real estate window. Just me, no threat to any of you Aryans.

They gathered in a little semicircle around me and one of them said, "Say it, please."

"Say what?" I asked.

"You know, 'Bueller.' "

Giggling with relief, I said "Bueller, Bueller," and then thanked them for their interest in the movie.

"You live up here, dude?" one of them asked me.

"Yeah, like a big movie star would live in Coeur d'Alene," another said, and they moved on.

Saturday

Into my fabulous rented Toyota Camry for a trip to my real destination, Sandpoint, Idaho. This town of 5,000 is about sixty miles north of Coeur d'Alene, on the northwest shore of a huge lake called Pend Oreille. A pal, Paul T., a producer and director of TV commercials, has built a house on a hillside, and he's been inviting me to visit for years now.

As I passed the first stop light into town, I saw that the Sandpoint High School Cheerleaders were having a car wash and bake sale. Double yummy. I got my car washed while the girls listened to some truly disgusting rap song on a radio. So, I thought, rap, the AIDS of culture, has even reached northern Idaho. The girls sold me many brownies, said, "Oooh, we just washed a movie star's car," and then went back to talking about boys.

I parked my car and strolled around the town. There was a town beach next to a large, grassy park. At the beach, perhaps fifty people were lounging on the sand or swimming. They were mostly kids. They would ride their bikes to the sand, recognize their friends, then dismount and run into the lake. The lifeguards, teenage girls and boys, knew everyone by name: "No roughnecking near the raft, please, Tim." "Don't play on the log, Tracy."

There was a refreshment stand where two teenage girls fried hot dogs and greeted everyone who came in by name. The bathroom at the refreshment stand was amazingly clean. This is why I love the Northwest: people live there as if they had a stake in it. They don't litter because it's their countryside. They don't trash their bathrooms because their family will be using them. They behave as if they were not just passing through. Not like in L.A.

I drove about twenty miles along the lake to a tiny hamlet named Hope. It has about 300 inhabitants, a small grocery store, and a German restaurant. In front of the grocery store, called High Hopes, I met Ricky F. He is a lifelong friend of Paul's, and helps take care of his house when Paul's away coining money. Ricky was about my age or slightly younger, wearing hiker's shorts and boots, driving an ancient pickup with a mountain bike chained to it.

We went up a series of steep curves and soon found ourselves outside a huge gate at the end of an endless driveway. This was my pal Paul's lakeside retreat. On 200 acres above Lake Pend Oreille, very far indeed from Hollywood and Vine.

The house sat at the end of a long flagstone driveway where two dogs lounged happily. "There were three dogs," my guide told me. "But a neighbor got jealous of Paul and shot one of the dogs."

"I hope you're kidding," I said.

"No."

"Did they put the killer in jail for life?"

"No. This isn't Beverly Hills," Ricky said. "There's a different attitude about dogs here. Even if we knew for sure who did it, there would only be a $200 fine."

Hmmm. One big strike against rural living.

Monday

Where am I? I keep asking myself this question. In fact, I don't even worry if I ask it any longer. I just worry if I ask it of myself even after I've opened my eyes.

I'm in a room where my bed is on the floor, without legs. The whole room is black. It's bitterly cold, which surprises me because I think I remember that it's July. An air-conditioner is vibrating loudly. Now I remember. I'm in New York at the ultra-hip Paramount Hotel, on 46th Street between Seventh and Eighth Avenues. It's Ian Schrager's totally cool hostelry, and it's just a little too cool for me.

I'm here for the Comedy Central cable channel coverage of the Democrat Convention. I like that part, but the bed on the floor part I can live without.

I went over to Cote Basque, a very fancy rich person's restaurant on East 55th Street to meet my pal Sid for lunch. Sid Dauman is a genius designer and maker of point-of-sale displays, a world we all deal with every day but don't think much about. Sid and my sister and Sid's son Claude and I ate our fish and talked about the recession. It's a great favorite of mine to talk about how terrible things are while eating fresh sole with lemon butter sauce at Cote Basque. It makes for a feeling of self-loathing that is impressive even for me.

Cote Basque was deserted. Of course, it's summer, and a lot of restaurants were offering a $19.92 lunch special, which Cote B. definitely was not. The only famous person there was Katharine Graham. She did not speak to me on the way out, but then she doesn't know me. She's probably not an aficionado of television commercials.

After lunch, we went to see Sid Dauman's atelier. I want to mention this because he's a uniquely smart guy, an artist of capitalism of a sort one rarely sees these days. He designs display cases, mostly for cosmetics. They may seem like just visual background, but they're not. Each case has to say something special and selling about the cosmetics, must have something new about it, and must fit in restricted spaces and restricted budgets. Yet none of them can use words. Dauman's works are like sculptures that sell, that touch people's hopes and dreams and induce them to sample and then to buy. It's art and physics and light and psychology and

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commerce all in a piece of lucite. I was impressed and a little amazed, thinking that there must be a fair amount of such wizardry in American business that we Americans pay very little conscious attention to. If we look at it closely, the world is a whirling ballet of inspiration.

Down at the HBO studios on East 23rd Street, everyone was cheery. Al Franken was host, and he's funny. Joe Queenan was a featured performer and he's really funny. Norm Ornstein was on all night, and he's funny. I was even on for a few minutes talking about Hillary Clinton's hair.

Tuesday

A meeting with Garth, world's richest human, at the Whiskey Bar at the Paramount. It's a fascinating place for a guy who doesn't drink, what with people drinking and smoking and laughing. We people who don't drink also don't laugh a lot.

Just as I was looking for a seat, a beautiful blond woman stared at me and said, "I am your biggest fan in the whole world. The absolutely most devoted fan on earth of *Ferris Bueller's Day Off*."

"High praise indeed," I nodded.

We sat in a corner, with Garth looking on listlessly, and talked above the din. The woman was from Somewhere, North Dakota. She was a model. She worked for a company called Torture Models. She was 24, and knew for a fact that her career was almost over. She had distinct wrinkles already, which is death in her business.

Her quest in life was to find a man who would love her, understand her, and take care of her. She wanted mostly to ride horses and enjoy life. She had decided, she told me, that probably an older man would be the right choice. Preferably a very smart one, and most particularly, one from Malibu, California.

"Where in the Colony do you live?" she asked.

"I don't live in the Colony at all," I said. "I live north of the Colony by quite a lot."

"On Broad Beach?"

"No, in a much less expensive neighborhood than that. Much less. Great view, but nothing like the Colony or Broad Beach. Much, much less expensive."

She looked distinctly alert.

"Even so," she said, "I'd love to come out to visit you. How would that be?"

"Well, I would truly love that," I said. "If you give me about two weeks notice, I could probably find you a really super bargain fare."

"No," she said. "First class is always the same fare."

"Well, I can't afford first class," I said. "I'm really sorry."

She looked at me in a deeply sad way, as if she pitied me and also pitied the waste of time she had just put herself through. "Listen," she said, "no matter what, I really enjoyed you in *Ferris Bueller*." Then she got up and walked away. I saw her little blond bob from behind for a minute, and then she disappeared into a smoky place.

"Well, Benito," said my pal Garth, "there it all is. I guess that's why they call this The Year of the Woman." ❐

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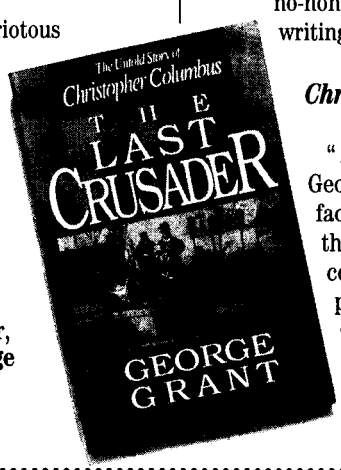

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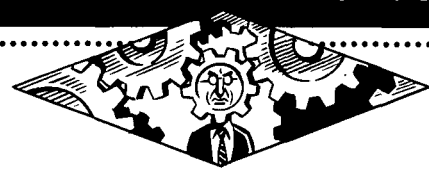

Clean Air's Dirty Politics

by Robert J. Ernst III

No one who lives in the Monterey Bay area can remember a smoggy day. Ninety-nine percent of the air in the district has never been polluted—ever. For four days during the last *decade* the ozone was high in Carmel Valley, but that was not enough to deter Stanford University from locating its heart transplant division there. At the far northeastern edge of the district lies the farm town of Hollister, where unacceptable ozone (possibly from decaying crops) shows up ten days per year. Salinas, Carmel, Monterey, Pacific Grove, Pebble Beach, Santa Cruz, and Watsonville, home to most of the 650,000 people in the area, have never experienced a single day of air pollution, according to the Monterey Bay Unified Air Pollution Control District (the "air district" or "board").

If there is no pollution, then why does the air district—one of many regional agencies charged with improving air quality—even exist? Why does it collect $5.7 million annually from fines, business permit fees, sewer district and city assessments, and auto license fees? How can it get away with spending not one penny on incentives to pollute less? How can it instead spend all its money on itself, its lobbyist, and other agencies that advance its cause?

Legitimized by the federal Clean Air Act—and the stricter California version—and headed by a self-proclaimed Green named Gary Patton, the air district is empowered by state law to create and enforce district-wide rules and regulations even more stringent than those in smoggy Los Angeles. Anyone violating the rules typically learns about them when an air enforcement person arrives at his door. There is a right to a hearing. There is no right to appeal. The air district rules, agenda, and minutes are not available at any public library. To learn about the board's activities requires visiting the air district offices, where the "public" documents are safely housed. The board will mail copies of these documents for an advance payment of $340 yearly. Fines are routinely "settled" for a few hundred dollars, provided the violator buys a permit. Permits are renewed annually without a hearing.

Few Californians realize that their two-tiered system of state and local government no longer really exists. The air district and other super-regional agencies—all exempt from Proposition 13—have quietly supplanted Sacramento and local government, deciding the important issues without accountability. The air district creates its own rules, fines, and fees with little public input. On virtually every matter before it, the board gives the public the minimum notice prescribed by law. The air district—made up of members of the Monterey, San Benito, and Santa Cruz Boards of Supervisors—is not directly elected.

The regional boards cannibalize other agencies. The air district collects from each city, county, and other regional agency within its 5,100-square-mile jurisdiction. For example, the air district mandates that the sewer agency collect a fee from every property owner; most of that fee goes to the air district. Five years ago, a commercial sewer hookup cost about $1,500. Now it can run up to $22,000. The sewer agency complained to the air district about the increases and received a reply only after eighteen months and the threat of litigation. Most of its increased fees went to the air district, not towards sewers. State law says that air quality boards may not regulate land use, but the air district has imposed emission standards that forced the sewer agency to build the only sewage treatment plant in the state that has *less* capacity than the facility it replaced. One can't build without a sewer hookup.

The air district recently met to pass a staff proposal to extract a $300 "fee" from every dry cleaner, auto body shop, cabinet maker, and gas station, among other unsuspecting Rotarians. The fees were to raise $300,000 for three full-time engineers, hired without funding, to "inventory" the reactive organic gases (ROGs) emitted by these small businesses. Setting aside the question whether engineers were necessary, the means of procurement would not be tolerated in private business: the dry cleaners had *already submitted* the inventory data.

At this writing, the cities within the air district must each design a "trip reduction ordinance" (TRO)—a plan for coerced car pools—by December 31, 1992. Each political subdivision must base its TRO on air district standards, which would not be available until September. The Monterey air board has adopted an Air Quality Management Plan that could require 5,000 car pools per day in Salinas—where the average commute is 1.7 miles. The air district plans to fine employers whose employees do not car-pool. The head staffer at the Monterey air district, Abra Bennett, recently advised the Pacific Grove city council that the

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town's residents must car-pool to reduce the number of "standard" 20-mile round trips. Pacific Grove is about a mile across.

Pacific Gas and Electric runs a natural gas–fired electric power plant at Moss Landing. It is the largest stationary source of air pollutants in the entire district, and it pays almost $1 million a year to the air district. A respected environmental engineer has said that the district air pollution "problem" could be entirely solved, fulfilling the requirements of California law, if the plant were to shut down for only four hours each year. But stopping pollution is not the objective; state Senator Henry Mello wrote the legislation that created the air district to stop *growth.*

The air district has a cozy relationship with local representatives. Its 1992-93 budget calls for $261,000 of its $5.7 million to be spent on "Professional and Special Services," including lobbying Sacramento through its lobbyist Lenny Goldberg and Associates and paying its in-house publicist Tom Manheim. (The district recently fired its outside PR firm.) The investment pays handsomely.[1] When state laws actually limit the board's power, the air district either flouts them or lobbies against them. The air district's lobbyist has been pushing for an exemption from public reporting of the socio-economic effects of its regulations. Pending passage of this exemption, the "citizens'" advisory panel to the board formally recommended that the staff and the board ignore the state law requiring reports.

The air district lobbyist, at the behest of Abra Bennett, has also convinced State Assemblyman Sam Farr to exempt it from Assembly Bill 2783, which would have checked the power of the state air boards. Farr did not return phone calls from businessmen concerned with his position on the air board. Never mind, the air board staff did the talking for Farr at a recent meeting. When asked if Farr could explain his position on the legislation, an air board staffer said that Farr did not understand enough about it to warrant asking him to speak to the public on the issue.

Ever on the alert for new sources of revenue, the air district is presently trying to regulate and tax pesticides—particularly methyl bromide—by making an end-run around the state Department of Pesticide Regulation. Methyl bromide is a fumigant, essential for cultivating strawberries (the district's biggest cash crop), and for controlling the naturally occurring carcinogen aflatoxin. Because it is said to deplete the ozone layer, methyl bromide will be banned by the EPA within eight years. If successful with methyl bromide, the air district will likely begin taxing all pesticides, opening the door to a huge source of income to be paid by farmers—and, ultimately, consumers.

The air district offices are in a brand-new three-story building with underground parking, in an exclusive subdivision. Air district employees call it the "Taj Mahal." Just a few yards from the Laguna Seca golf course, it is blocks from the nearest bus stop—miles from the nearest town. No bike racks clutter its sleek exterior; after all, there is plenty of room to park one's car. The air district floated "certificates of participation"—like government bonds, but exempt from public vote—to finance the $4 million building. They will be paid off by permits, fees, and fines. The annual air board "mortgage" payment is $322,838. Annual maintenance costs on the building are $31,278—all this in a region where office space rents for $.75 to $1.10 per square foot per month.

The staff grows exponentially. In addition to its engineers, the air district has a full-time lawyer (who has his own law library) and many other professionals. Most earn substantially more than their counterparts in the private sector. Outlays to personnel during fiscal '92-93 will exceed $2.8 million. Complaints by the local chambers of commerce to stop this growth have been ignored. Worse, to provide these public-sector sinecures, air boards take away private-sector jobs. Over the last twenty years, the Los Angeles air board, the SCAQMD, has destroyed the once-thriving furniture industry in riot-torn South-Central; has banned bakeries, claiming that baking bread pollutes the air; and has cost the residents of the L.A. basin billions in revenues. The San Francisco air board has called for a *100 percent* reduction in air pollution by 1997. The movement to "regionalize" California politics continues to accelerate faster than Willie Brown's Ferrari.

State Assembly Speaker Willie Brown is California's biggest advocate of regional government. Pending in the legislature that he controls are five bills that would create new regional agencies, including one that would combine the San Francisco Bay Area air board, the Association of Bay Area Governments, and its transportation agency into one super-regional colossus. Willie has plenty of friends around Monterey Bay—Henry Mello; Sam Farr; air board members Gary Patton, Barbara Shipnuck, Karin Strasser-Kauffman, and Abra Bennett; and the local paper. (Farr has even proposed a super-regional agency for the Monterey Bay.) With Proposition 140 limiting the number of terms Willie and his cronies can serve as legislators, they are looking to the air boards and other job-for-life regional agencies to save them from living by their own rules in the private sector. They will be well looked after. ❐

[1]It is hardly the most egregious offender. The Tahoe Regional Planning Agency, a joint California-Nevada enterprise, spends *80 percent* of its revenues on litigation.

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On the Bus With Bill and Hillary

by Terry Eastland

Having teamed up to cover the conventions, NBC and PBS finally had to part, and when they did so on the last night of the Republicans' gathering in Houston, Jim Lehrer of PBS praised his NBC colleagues—"you guys were pretty good"—and invited Tom Brokaw and company to leave their résumés. This was meant—and taken by Brokaw—in good humor. But, to ponder Lehrer's invitation seriously, the last thing PBS needs is more Brokaw and company, just as the last thing NBC needs is more Lehrer and company. What they need are new faces to provide some political balance.

Perhaps more than any other events, the quadrennial conventions, with their nonstop "analysis" and commentary, bring out the media's political leanings, especially television's. Studies of network coverage of the 1984 and 1988 conventions confirmed a pro-Democratic slant, and this year things were even worse.

Outfits like the Media Research Center (doing yeoman's work with its *ConventionWatch*, faxed daily during the conventions) and the Center for Media and Public Affairs have provided abundant and convincing evidence of the networks' bias and spin. Knee-jerk press defenders have attacked the latter's methodology, and dismissed the former for being unabashedly conservative (Brent Bozell III, president of the Media Research Center, worked in the Buchanan campaign). But there were other witnesses.

Walter Goodman, television critic of the *New York Times*, described the networks' coverage as "a dissonant threnody." Whichever channel a viewer turned to on opening night (C-Span excepted), he learned of "dissension and dismay in Republican ranks." No anchor failed to note President Bush's low standing in the polls or the sluggish state of the economy or the divisions within the GOP. Abortion rights Republicans were showcased. (At the Democratic Convention, only NBC had taken note of pro-life dissent.) Viewers were repeatedly advised that the far—or, worse, religious—right had taken over the party. The "heavy drumbeat of disaster," wrote Goodman, "gave the coverage the aspect of an organized attack." This "edge that hinted at partisan pleasure in the Republicans' troubles" was too much for Goodman, who pointed out that "a little less animus with a little more analysis might enhance the credibility of network news as the political season heats up."

The print coverage was also infected with bias. Of course, the journalists—print or television—denied any such thing. "I think most bias exists in the eye of the beholder," said a defensive Brokaw. Actually, most bias exists in the labels and the questions. During the Democratic Convention, journalists tended to label Democrats as moderate or even conservative, and certainly no Democrat was ever referred to as "ultra-liberal." Many of the questions posed of Republicans during their convention could have been planted by the Clinton campaign. "How do you think Dan Quayle did?" asked CBS's Connie Chung of Pat Robertson after the Vice President's acceptance speech. "Was he far right enough for you?" "How do you feel and how do many in your California delegation feel," asked CNN's Frank Sesno, "about some of the harsher criticisms that have been forthcoming from this convention this week? From Pat Buchanan, from Bill Bennett [so much for divisions within the GOP], from some of the very hard, far-right conservatives?"

There's no mistaking it: the press this year is positively agape over Bill and, yes, Hillary Clinton. This could affect the November outcome—although not necessarily as the press might hope.

Back in March, Hendrik Hertzberg, then of the *New Republic*, reported in a column that's become famous for its ingenuousness that he'd asked several dozen political journalists covering the New Hampshire primary how they'd vote if they were New Hampshire Democrats. "The answer was always the same; and the answer was always Clinton," he wrote, calling such unanimity among political journalists "unprecedented." (Don't think *all* reporters are for Clinton. Just before the Republican Convention, *Newsweek*'s Evan Thomas told "Inside Washington" that the press is "at least 60-40 pro-Clinton" but not 80-20—I'd say it's about 79-21.) Hertzberg said that "The Press" (his phrase) likes Clinton because it thinks "he would make a very good, perhaps a great President."

Why? Hertzberg didn't explain, but I'd say part of the answer is that the press is suckered by Clinton's whiz-kid intellect. And, unlike the other Democrats running for President (and unlike Bush), Clinton is of the same generation as the reporters who now dominate political coverage. Boomers disagree on many

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Terry Eastland is resident fellow at the Ethics and Public Policy Center and the author, most recently, of Energy in the Executive: The Case for the Strong Presidency *(reviewed on page 60).*

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things—they are not a homogeneous cohort. Not so most boomer journalists, who *do* share a common set of values—which happen to be Clinton's.

This is where Hillary Clinton comes in. She, too, is a boomer, and her values—for abortion rights, gay rights, children's rights, and an active government role in most spheres of life—tend to be those of most boomer journalists. These are also the values of most of the ever larger contingent of women covering presidential politics. Their interest in this election would be greater only if Hillary herself were at the top of the ticket.

Hillary brings out the pro-Clinton character of the press as no other subject can. In an interview during the Democratic Convention, Judy Woodruff of PBS failed to ask Mrs. Clinton any questions about the merits of her legal and political views; instead she merely wondered: "How important is it that [what she believes in] not enter in [to the campaign], and should it enter in?" The same week, Woodruff's husband, Al Hunt, who among other things is the *Wall Street Journal*'s Washington bureau chief, jumped into print with an amazing (given his employment on the news side of the paper) op-ed defense of Mrs. Clinton, who he said was "no radical," has "a sensational mind," and is nothing less than a "compelling reason" to vote for her husband. Leaping to Mrs. Clinton's defense during the Houston Convention, if not quite announcing their votes, were ABC's Ted Koppel and Cokie Roberts, and CBS's Harry Smith. Incredible as it may seem, GOP strategists have got to like this turn of events.

Presidential contests are ordinarily battles between the two candidates. But as the summer wound down, the numbers were not there for Bush—and would not be unless something changed. Something did. Looking at public attitudes toward Hillary and Barbara, the Republicans in effect decided to run both Bushes against both Clintons. For this to happen, Hillary Clinton—especially the one described in the August *TAS* by Daniel Wattenberg—could not be allowed to vanish from public sight. Through its emphasis on "family values," which included the First Lady's full-court media press during the

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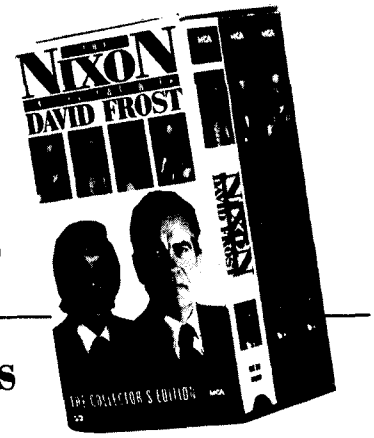

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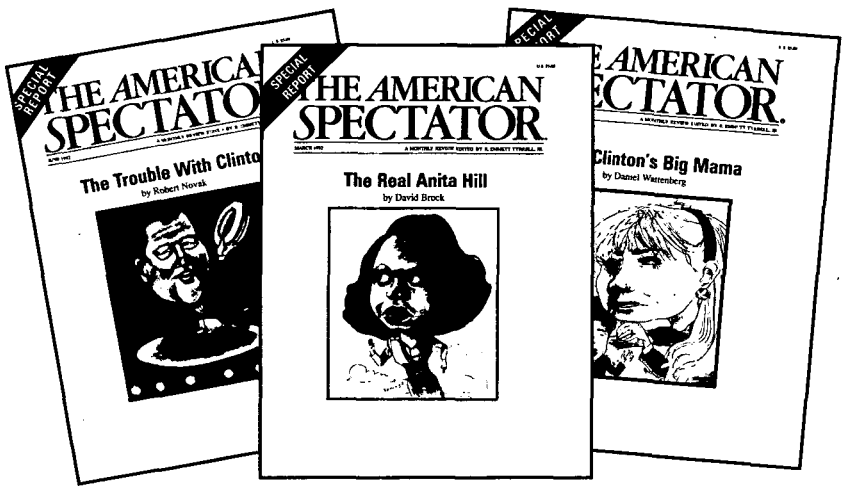

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convention, not to mention her unprecedented prime-time speech, the GOP hoped to make sure that Hillary stays visible, thus securing the party's conservative base. It was a Republican triumph that by late August she was often being referred to as Hillary, instead of Mrs. Clinton.

The GOP strategy just might work—thanks to the pro-Clinton press. For even if Hillary Clinton does not engage the attacks on her, the Hillary brigades, led by such as Woodruff and Hunt, can be counted on to do so. For example, the Monday following the convention, the *New York Times* devoted nearly fifty column inches to a one-sided defense of Hillary's legal writings. The page-one headline read: "Legal Scholars See Distortion in Attacks on Hillary Clinton." (Memo to Democrats: Remember Robert Bork?) Mark it down: Every media defense of Hillary Clinton in the battle over "family values"—initiated, by the way, by Dan Quayle back in May—will keep her tied to her husband's side in the GOP's preferred two-on-two race.

Lest we forget, there *are* serious issues raised by Hillary Clinton's legal writings, and John Leo give them a fair-minded reading in the September 7 *U.S. News & World Report*. To grasp the reality behind the political debate over family values, the pro-Clinton press would do well to read James Davison Hunter's excellent 1991 book, *Culture Wars: The Struggle to Define America*.

The campaign against Hillary is just part of a GOP strategy to counter the pro-Clinton press and take advantage of widespread contempt for the media, on a par with a derelict Congress when it comes to public esteem. The Republicans' attack against press bias is buttressed by the growing role of alternative media, especially talk radio. During the convention, Rush Limbaugh addressed his 12 million daily listeners from Houston, reinforcing public disdain for the mainstream press as he blasted its coverage of the event.

"I wear the badge of media scorn," Dan Quayle told the assembled delegates in Houston. You bet he does, proudly. We'll see whether this helps to produce victory in November—and, if so, whether the press merely scorns the GOP for a negative campaign, or decides to examine itself. ❐

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Up for Grabs

by Cathy Young

In July, food prices rose by an average of 8 percent. The Constitutional Court held hearings in the case of the Communist Party of the Soviet Union. Crowds of inebriated young toughs in two Siberian cities rioted against fruit and wine traders from the Caucasus, destroying their wares, ransacking their hotel rooms, and setting fire to their cars. A plane en route from Yerevan to Moscow saw its forty-minute stop in Sochi (Georgia) turn into a six-hour ordeal for 350 passengers left frying in the cabin while the 300,000 rubles the pilot had been given to pay for fuel—in three- and five-ruble notes—were being counted. And the Russian media were understandably shaken by the attempt of parliament—elected in 1990 and still thick with Communists and assorted authoritarians—to reclaim *Izvestia*, which had declared independence of the Congress of People's Deputies after the August '91 coup.

At the parliament session, Russian minister of the press and information Mikhail Poltoranin implored the restive MPs "not to disgrace themselves" by such a vote. Speaker Ruslan Khasbulatov, one of the men behind the motion, retorted: "It's up to the deputies to decide whether they want to disgrace themselves or not."

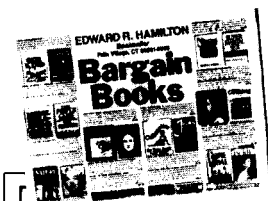
First impressions notwithstanding, this was not a simple black-and-white case of heroic journalists versus villainous apparatchiks. Though now formally owned by its staff, *Izvestia* continues to use government-owned premises and equipment and, like most other newspapers, to rely on government subsidies. In a guest column in *Moscow News* (July 26), *Kommersant*'s new editor-in-chief, Ksenia Ponomareva, expressed dismay at the petty and tyrannical actions of the parliament—going after a newspaper that had criticized it—but also pointed out that the press itself gave ammunition to its persecutors by appealing for state funding. (*Kommersant* remains the only major Russian newspaper financially independent of the government.)

Ponomareva was favorably quoted in the *Literary Gazette* (July 22) by anti-Yeltsin MP Nikolai Pavlov, whose own politics are probably not of the free-market variety—though he does say the government shouldn't run newspapers. He concluded that subsidies will have to continue for the time being, but should be allocated on the basis of circulation. Meanwhile, sociologist Andrei Bystritsky pointed out on the same page that the bid to take over *Izvestia* is less an attack on free speech than an attempt to snatch a piece of the media and thereby of political power—"a desire not so much to limit the power of the press as to use it."

What is truly sad, Bystritsky noted, is that both the oafish deputies and the posturing journalists have utter disregard for the interests of the average news consumer. Readers at least have the choice of different newspapers, but all news broadcasting is government-owned: "No one is even thinking of switching to subscriber-based TV and radio, to give individuals the opportunity to choose what they like. Amazingly, the debate, once again, is over what is to be imposed on the audience: the politicians' buffoonery or the journalists' self-importance."

These debates are taking place amid mounting complaints that the Russian press, unable to wean itself from state subsidies, is becoming more docile and less willing to give a forum to critics of the Yeltsin government. In the June 24 *Literary Gazette*, émigré journalist Vadim Belotserkovsky argued that "really hard-hitting articles have all but disappeared; moderately critical ones are 'balanced,' just like in the good old days, by positive responses or editors' notes. . . . The newspapers' deferential attitudes toward the government can also be seen in the treatment of my own articles which I tried to get published in Moscow." It should be noted that Belotserkovsky is a quasi-socialist who deplores the Russian intellectuals' inclination to "worship a new

Cathy Young, our regular Russian Presswatch columnist, is the author of Growing Up in Moscow *(Ticknor & Fields).*



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fashionable brand of extremism, this time capitalist ideology." Yet, last May, the noted Moscow free-market economist Boris Pinsker told me that some of his articles criticizing the economic reform strategy of Yeltsin's finance minister Yegor Gaidar, scheduled for publication by major periodicals, were killed at the last minute.

The Reeducation of Lev Navrozov

To the impressive list of émigré writers making regular appearances in the Russian press, we can now make a startling addition: Lev Navrozov. For the benefit of those unfamiliar with this singular personage, Navrozov, now 64, moved to the U.S. in 1972 and published a well-received autobiographical look at Soviet society, *The Education of Lev Navrozov* (Harper & Row, 1975). He also undertook the mission of saving the West, lulled by Soviet propaganda and by its own gullible leaders and complicit press, from the ever-more-imminent threat of Soviet domination—a danger he explained in his twice-weekly column in the Unification Church–owned *News World* (later reincarnated as the *New York City Tribune*).

Navrozov did some excellent work—his 1980 *Commentary* piece, "What Does the CIA Know About Russia?" gives him every right to say "I told you so"—but more often, alas, his arguments seemed rather eccentric. For him, a teatime chat in the late 1960s with the wife of a high-ranking Soviet official whose dacha was next to his became incontrovertible evidence that the Soviets had been on the verge of seizing Mexico. In the mid-eighties he took his one-man crusade against the *New York Times* to the *City Tribune*, calling his column "With David's Slingshot Against the N.Y. Times."

The past two years haven't been kind: the demise of Soviet Communism and of the *New York City Tribune* left Navrozov with no enemy and no forum—though he continued to argue, in such outlets as the Russian émigré magazine *Vremya i My* and the Jewish monthly *Midstream*, that the Soviet empire had merely faked its own death and the West had fallen for the trick.

It's mind-boggling how clever these Communists are, because it seems they've finally seduced the one man who was on to them. For who should appear in the pages of *Izvestia* but Lev Navrozov, billed as "American political commentator"?

"A Phone Call From Prison" (June 18) introduces the Russian public to the case of his friend Alexei T., a former Soviet dissident now serving an 8 1/3-to-25-year sentence in a New York state prison for the fatal shooting of a fellow émigré. The case had many elements that suggest self-defense, and Navrozov says (perhaps plausibly, though he omits a number of relevant details) that "if Alyosha had been a billionaire, he would have hired one of the country's best lawyers for a million or two and would have been acquitted." However, "in the West, Alyosha conceived a hatred for commercialism." (True, he was trying to make it in business, but only so he could give Navrozov money for a newspaper to spread his message.) Having been away from his native country for twenty years, Navrozov may have forgotten how the Soviet or ex-Soviet reader reacts to negative stories about the West. You can't impress a Russian with news that someone may have been unfairly jailed; he will, however, be deeply impressed to learn that "Alyosha" can call his friend Lev collect from a pay phone inside the prison.

"Inside a New York Skyscraper" (July 16) profiles another victim of America: Navrozov's neighbor Margie, a rank-and-file corporate employee making $2,000 a month, of which $700 goes to taxes and various deductions and another $700 to pay for a "so-so" one-bedroom Manhattan apartment. (At this point, the Russian reader's eyes grow big: a single woman living in two rooms!) While Navrozov tells his readers that $2,000 a month is the average salary in America, he neglects to mention that taxes and rents in New York are far above the American average.

His point is that late twentieth-century capitalism has been bureaucratized by the transfer of power from owners to managers, whom he christens an American nomenklatura. The Margies of the world do all the work, and the managers sit in their corner offices and reap unearned rewards: "When a company fails thanks to his leadership, [the manager] moves on to another company, usually with even better pay and benefits." There is undoubtedly some truth to this, though Navrozov in his usual forgetfulness fails to add that most jobs in America are not with large corporations or that rank-and-file employees can move up into management.

But leaving that aside, one has to wonder: Has Navrozov finally been convinced that the Soviet empire is defunct? Or has he despaired of making himself heard in commercialized America and decided to collaborate with the Communists in maintaining the illusion that Russia now has a free press? But maybe we're underestimating the cunning of our slingshot-wielding David. Maybe he's only pretending to fall for the Communists' tricks, so that they'll think no one in the West knows what they're up to and get careless—just in time for Navrozov to save the West after all.

Digging for Dollars

Soviet Communism may be dead, even to its most tenacious enemies; but its founder, for the time being, remains eternally alive in his Red Square mausoleum. In the *Independent Gazette* (June 11), correspondent Denis Gurinsky follows the latest debates surrounding the bothersome mummy. St. Petersburg mayor Anatoly Sobchak and some others are pushing for a plan to bury Lenin in the Volkov cemetery in St. Petersburg, next to his mother Maria Ulyanova and other family members, as the *vozhd* (leader) himself apparently desired. This plan, however, is meeting with opposition from the local radical democrats, who protest "the contamination of St. Petersburg's soil with the remains of a monster"; and from Communists, who regard the proposed burial as "an insult to the great man." To complicate things further, Sobchak wants a public funeral with a Russian Orthodox ceremony, which the great man would indeed have taken as an insult. The administration of the Volkov cemetery is not overeager to receive the controversial remains, fearing "grave desecrations by extremists."

On the other hand, Gurinsky found the grave-diggers at the Volkov cemetery to be nothing if not enthusiastic: the men said they were ready to dig Lenin a grave in three hours, in spite of threats from Leninists to "string them up." Mikhail A., a grave-digger with twenty-two years' experience, put it with brutal candor: "For dollars, I can put this *vozhd* not just six feet under but thirty feet under if they want me to." ❐

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Unforgivable

by James Bowman

Somewhere in the devotional writings of Dorothy L. Sayers there is an essay in which she says that a Christian must forgive even those who do not seek his forgiveness. This has always seemed to me to be a suspiciously absolutist view of the subject. For our own sake it is important not to carry grudges, which are always self-destructive; but to forgive those who do not acknowledge fault is presumptuous. True forgiveness, like love, is a two-way process that requires humility on the one side as much as it does magnanimity on the other. Otherwise it is just moral posturing—trying on one's crown of thorns in the mirror and intoning: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

What that means in the Gospels, of course, is not that they didn't know what they were doing, but that they didn't know Whom they were doing it *to*. Some such thought is usually at the back of the minds of those who succumb to the allure of martyrdom. "If only they knew" quickly becomes "I'll show them" in the most common sort of self-dramatization—something we can recognize even in the pose (*especially* in the pose) of those who claim to be unforgiven themselves. The impulse they indulge is called despair, which, apart from being the sin against the Spirit, is not naturally a very attractive attitude, though Clint Eastwood's highly praised new film, *Unforgiven*, tries to make it one.

He is working some pretty familiar territory. *Unforgiven* purports to be a demythologizing of the old Western, but it is nothing of the kind. The Byronic hero whose unsheddable burden of guilt only makes him more attractive is, in fact, the original romantic myth—the ancestor of Hemingway's anti-hero, whose anti-heroism makes him paradoxically more heroic. The anti-hero, in turn, gave birth to the Man With No Name who, equally paradoxically, made Eastwood's own name. His character in *Unforgiven*, an aged gunfighter called William Munny, is effectively the Man With No Name reincarnated with postmodernist wrinkles—a hero for the nineties.

How can we tell? Partly by the irony. The man now not only has a name but it's an anti-heroic name—one that rhymes with funny. His hand has forgot its cunning and he can hit nothing with a six-gun anymore. He also seems to have forgotten how to get on a horse and is shown chasing, unsuccessfully, pigs through the mud. How delightful, the idea of making this schmuck the hero! And after he has played his part out, a closing note to the audience tells us that he later moved to San Francisco and prospered in dry goods. That is a nicely postmodern way to say, "That's all, folks," as if no emotion that the film produced was to be taken too seriously.

The problem is that too many of the wrong things *are* taken seriously—among them the hero's Byronic load of guilt from all the killing he has done, his earnest, AAer's determination, apparently instilled in him by his recently deceased wife, to go straight, and his politically correct sidekick, a wise and good black man (Morgan Freeman), married to a native American, who finds that he can kill no more, even when it is on behalf of a battered woman. Above all, it is very serious about teaching us that killing in general is dirty, furtive, unheroic stuff that hardly anybody can bring himself to do—something that the hero already knows. Naturally, he doesn't want to do it anymore, does it anyway, and turns out to be very good at it still. Sound familiar?

There are some good things about the film: the acting, especially by Gene Hackman, Richard Harris, Saul Rubinek, and Jaimz Wolvett, the scenery (Alberta, Canada, as late-nineteenth century Wyoming) and quite a lot of the dialogue (by David Webb Peoples) make it very watchable, and I liked the fact that Eastwood's return to his murderous ways comes as he takes his first drink of whiskey in years. It acts upon him as the spinach does upon Popeye: suddenly his aim is true once again and his eye is dead—as are eight or ten from among the forces of law and order whom he mows down on his way to a career in dry goods. It's okay: somehow you know that when Clint Eastwood is shooting at the law it's different from when Ice-T does it. Or, if he's a bad guy, it's because everybody's a bad guy in the demythologized Western. Besides, the dead men were all gun-control fanatics.

Eastwood may not know how to give us anything but an updated version of the guilt-ridden Byronic hero, but at least he knows how to give us that. At some point he had to realize that the sensitive bumbler "in recovery" was a bore, gave him a slug of whiskey, and turned him back into the much more sympathetic machine-like killer. Would that the rest of Hollywood had his instinct. What might otherwise have been a fairly decent thriller like *Single White Female*, by Barbet Schroeder, is marred by the kind of psychologizing that is much more common in the movies these days. Give me the motiveless malignity of an Iago every time over therapeutic guff that purports to explain the behavior of Bridget Fonda's murderous roommate (Jennifer

Jame's Bowman, The American Spectator*'s movie critic, is the American editor of the* Time's Literary Supplement.

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Jason Leigh) by her irrational guilt feelings over the death of a twin sister in childhood.

Lots of people have dead sisters; lots of people have guilt feelings about it. A negligible number of them kill people as a result. This is an explanation that explains nothing but, because it thinks it does, treats evil with smug condescension. Jennifer Jason Leigh is a fine actress, but the part asks too much of her: it asks her to make sense of a character in whom there is no sense. Moreover, you can't enjoy her just as a psycho, as you can enjoy, say, Norman Bates. In the closing scene of Schroeder's film, the survivor of the roommate's rampage comes on in voiceover to talk about the need to make an effort every day to forgive her: "And then I try to do what she couldn't: forgive myself. I know what can happen to someone who can't."

Ah, the moral of the story! Instead of Hitchcock's macabre humor and fatalism, such prissy moralism produces quite as banal a conclusion as its moral equivalent, the assurance that the heroine will be more careful whom she sublets to from now on. Schroeder is making us feel morally superior to the suffering he presents: we now know what the hero had to go through hell to learn, he says, and can avoid a similar mistake. Thus the drama of good and evil is trivialized and reduced to a case history—a simple matter of mental hygiene. Lost is what is necessary to produce a genuinely artistic experience: the viewer's sense that this could happen to him.

That is why I am generally opposed to Hollywood psychologizing, of which there seems to be more and more these days. It is a way of making the viewer into a voyeur and transforming drama into soap opera. All the characters walk onto the stage wearing their case histories as clearly as if they were printed on sandwich boards. Everything has its facile, pseudo-scientific explanation that allows the audience to feel smugly in control. The thriller may never recover. Even the plot surprise of *Whispers in the Dark*, for which all verisimilitude is sacrificed, seems perfectly ordinary when explained away as the consequence of repressed emotion; even the multi-personalitied monster played by John Lithgow in *Raising Cain* is laboriously explicated with a lot of psychological mumbo-jumbo—which also allows Lithgow to play his own abusive father. Such stories may arouse our curiosity, but they don't do much for the pity and terror that Aristotle thought it the purpose of tragedy to elicit.

One reason why Carl Franklin's splendid little film called *One False Move* has received so much attention is that it is in this way a bit of a throwback. Evil is simply evil and not explained away—a given in the dramatic formula. The two bad guys (Billy Bob Thornton and Michael Beach) are ruthless killers whose unhappy childhoods are, thank God, not considered germane. The woman who accompanies them (Cynda Williams) and the hayseed local sheriff who is determined to apprehend them (Bill Paxton) are by contrast the victims of guilt that is neither vague and generalized nor a font of psychopathology. Instead, it renders them horribly double-minded and thus vulnerable to the ferocious, remorseless singleness of purpose of the villains.

It is a minor quibble, but I thought the film went a little flat when the sheriff's need to prove himself to the LAPD and the merest hint of a preachy tone about racism began to interfere with the central dramatic interest—the main character's need for forgiveness. He acknowledges this need only when forgiveness itself appears in the final scene—in an ambiguous but wholly natural and convincing way—as he lies close to death. It is such a rare thing anymore to see a character's engagement with good and evil portrayed in such a straightforward, traditional way that I found the scene perhaps more moving than it deserved to be.

No such emotional release comes in this month's movie of the month, Bille August's adaptation of the story of Ingmar Bergman's parents' marriage which is called *The Best Intentions*. It could have been called "Unforgiven" too, but in it no Eastwoodian glamour attaches to guilt. The character who falls prey to despair and kills himself is the image of horror—both unforgiving and unforgiven. In this he reflects the main character, Henrik Bergman (Samuel Froler) whom we first meet adamantly refusing his grandmother's deathbed entreaty to forgive her. "She has deserved her life and death," says the implacable Henrik, and the slashing of a woman's face at the beginning of *Unforgiven* or the grisly murders at the beginning of *One False Move* have nothing on this for shock value.

It also sets the tone for the rest of the film. Again and again Henrik and Anna (Pernilla August) emotionally lacerate each other and then reflect on the possibility of forgiveness. Both characters' mothers (Ghita Norby and Mona Malm) instinctively know of the disaster that portends in the match of their two children, and Anna's mother's attempt to stop it requires another effort of forgiveness that even Anna, let alone Henrik, is scarcely equal to. When she tells Anna that Henrik has been living with someone else, Anna's assertion that she "will never forgive this" is met by her mother's genuine puzzlement: "Forgive whom? Me? Your boyfriend? Life itself?"

It is a question that is never answered. Later, her mother begs Anna not to tell Henrik of her destruction of a crucial letter. She explains that it is because, if they do get married, "Henrik's hatred will be insuperable. We have to live together." Anna replies, simply, "Why?" There are multiple ironies in that answer. Anna shows that she can be as unrelenting as Henrik, but the trouble which that quality will cause in their marriage will drive her away from him, whom she can no longer live with, and back to her mother with whom, now, she can.

The film ends with a tentative reconciliation which shows that love still survives, but that is a minor detail compared to the final, unanswered question: "But will we be able to forgive each other?" One is not optimistic. Such a bleak conclusion risks leaving us with the impression, as so many Scandinavian films do, that life is an endless soap opera. Bille August flirts with that danger, but I think he successfully skirts it with a restraint that never allows him to descend to prosy explanation of his characters' behavior. He also lavishes so much attention on the stunning visual imagery and elicits such fine performances from his actors that we can tolerate a certain amount of soap opera. His portrait of lives ruined by an endless build-up of grievances unrelieved by forgiveness is almost as harrowing as tragedy. ❐

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MARCHING IN PLACE: THE STATUS QUO PRESIDENCY OF GEORGE BUSH

Michael Duffy and Dan Goodgame

Simon & Schuster/316 pages/$23

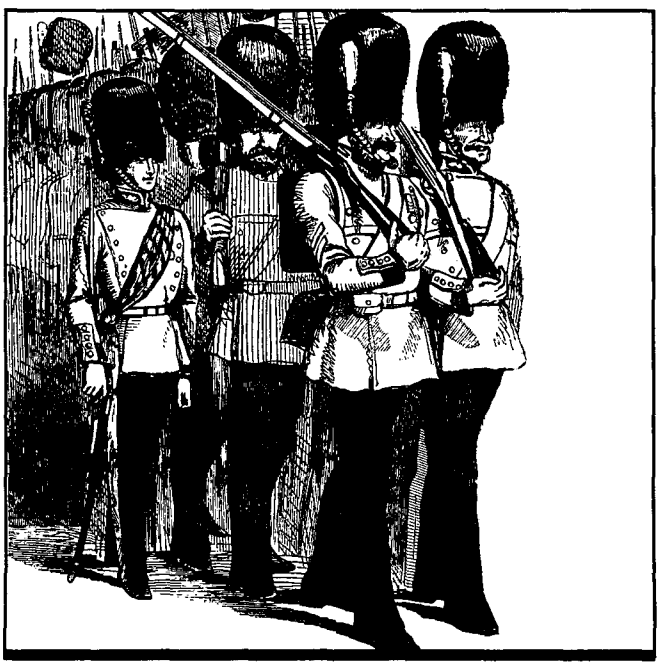
reviewed by BRIT HUME

In *Marching in Place*, *Time* magazine White House correspondents Michael Duffy and Dan Goodgame set out to do a disciplined and unbiased job of appraising George Bush's presidency and wind up losing control of themselves along the way. The authors promise to "judge Bush's performance not against the expectations of critics on the right and left, but by the standards of his own promises and rhetoric." They point to Bush's deep belief in the essential goodness of America and its institutions—as they are—and conclude that the "common criticisms that Bush 'lacks conviction' or 'doesn't believe anything' are not quite right. . . . If one looks instead at what he does—and does not do—a core of solid convictions emerges."

They report that Bush's inaugural address, laced with such words as "stewardship," "continuity," and "continuum," made clear that this would be a custodial administration, one of "day-by-day reactiveness," and they quote former Bush drug policy chief William Bennett on the President's indifference to the potential of his office for stirring political debate and moving the country in his ideological direction. To Bush, says Bennett, such public arguments "weren't the real work of the president. . . . The real work of the president was reading the paperwork and making decisions." They describe his speechwriters' frustration at trying to lend power to the oratory of a man far more interested in making sure he salutes, by name, all the local VIPs in the room at the start of every address.

So far, so good—these are all telling illuminations of Bush's innate aversion to change and his preoccupation with personal relationships. The authors also provide fascinating details about such events as John Sununu's last days, and deft sketches of various White House officials, such as national security adviser Brent Scowcroft. But the book soon degenerates into hatchet work that is almost laughably crude. In the midst of an otherwise straightforward description of the President's outlook at the time of the Persian Gulf crisis, there suddenly occurs this: "When he surveyed the home front, Bush was basically content. His relatives, friends and campaign contributors were doing just fine." That comes about halfway through the book. By the final chapter, the President described in chapter three as having "a core of solid convictions" has become the "stand-for-nothing president." In a chapter on Bush's economic policy, all pretense of neutrality is abandoned in favor of what sounds like an AFL-CIO pamphlet from the 1950s. The President, say the authors, has pursued a "class agenda that has not changed much in 30 years." The authors accuse Bush of pursuing not only a—here it comes—"trickle-down economic policy," but also a "trickle-down social agenda."

In the 1990 budget deal the authors see "a bipartisan sellout of the working class." What particularly galls them, though, is not the new taxes in the budget deal but the restrictions on spending—"complex provisions . . . which effectively froze the federal budget into rigid categories. Under these strictures, cuts in defense spending could not be used to finance tax cuts or new spending programs." What this means, they report indignantly, is that "Bush and Congress erected unprecedented barriers to government's ability to deal with social, economic and international changes . . ." It does not seem to matter to the authors that this Republican President doesn't believe the budget is necessarily the best instrument for dealing with such things. They have long since stopped judging him on his own terms.



The authors' political bias is glaring. The Reagan years are a time of "gluttony and callousness." Senator Jesse Helms is referred to as "the Republican extremist." In a chapter on John Sununu's role as Bush's bad cop, Duffy and Goodgame explain that "Sununu ran interference when Bush needed to shuffle to the right on such issues as judicial appointments or abortion, absorbing the blame for Bush's latest pander to his party's extremist wing." Why Bush's unwavering stand as both Vice President and President against abortion and his consistent promise and practice of

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appointing judicial conservatives are a "shuffle to the right" or a "pander" is not explained.

It is true that there is an "extremist wing" in the Republican party, but Jesse Helms, whatever you think of him, is not part of it. Neither is the anti-abortion movement nor the people who want conservative judges. (There is one Bush appointee who *is* regarded by some in the party as an extremist, and that's EPA chief William Reilly. Richard Darman, for one, thinks so and privately derides the handsome Reilly as an "international rock star." To Duffy and Goodgame, though, Reilly represents "mainstream environmentalism.")

If the authors' failure to support critical assertions is striking, their factual sloppiness is inexplicable. On day five of the Gulf crisis, Bush returned from Camp David to be met on the White House lawn by national security staffer Richard Haass, who handed him a sheet of paper. Bush read it, then went to the waiting microphones to denounce Iraq. Duffy and Goodgame report this as follows: "Bush found Haass waiting with a summary of the latest developments in the Gulf, including evidence that a withdrawal from Kuwait that Saddam had announced was a fraud." That's certainly how it looked, but it's not what happened. According to numerous officials, including Haass, Bush had known for hours that Saddam's promised pullout was a fake and had been urged by spokesman Marlin Fitzwater to say something about it. Fitzwater couldn't get to the White House in time to meet the President, so he and Haass developed a set of "talking points" for Bush to make on his arrival. It's those "talking points" that Bush was given on the lawn that Sunday. Numerous reporters at the White House that day got the same impression Duffy and Goodgame did, but those who checked their facts—and a lot of reporters did—found out what actually happened.

The authors assert that, despite his denials, the President decided on day one of the Gulf crisis to "intervene militarily." They do not specify what they mean by "intervene," but convey the unmistakable impression that the President was eager for a war to test his greatness. Just when Bush decided to use force against Iraq has been a matter of considerable debate and speculation, and it's important. On it turns the question of his motivation and whether he deceived the public and Congress about his intentions. But beyond saying that Bush asked for "military options"—a standard procedure—Duffy and Goodgame provide no evidence or detail to buttress their contention.

Similarly, they accuse the President of "exaggerating the nature of the threat Iraq posed to Saudi Arabia." He had a better chance of getting the Saudis to permit U.S. forces on their soil, the book claims, "if he hyped the possibility of an attack on Saudi Arabia." The authors provide not a single fact to support this allegation. They say that both Saudi Prince Bandar and King Fahd were shown satellite reconnaissance pictures, but that well-known fact hardly strengthens their charge of exaggeration, especially since the photos showed Iraqi forces massed on the Saudi border.

When President Bush gave his State of the Union address last January, he set forth an economic program that included the idea of raising the personal income tax exemption by $500. But, the authors write, the President

> abandoned his own tax plan almost as quickly as he had cobbled it together. Less than a week after the speech, his aides asked the Ways and Means Committee to adopt a narrower package of seven tax incentives. . . . Missing from this list was the proposal to increase by $500 the personal exemption for families.

The episode was damaging. First reported by the *Washington Post*, this "bait and switch," as the authors call it, was picked up by a New Hampshire newspaper, and became part of a scathing primary commercial by Patrick Buchanan.

The only trouble with the authors' account is that it's not true. The President made plain in his speech that he was offering his package in two parts, the first a crash program to jump-start the economy, and the rest to deal with longer-term issues. Since the personal exemption increase was not to take effect for some time, it wasn't included in the short-term package. It is true that the President said the exemption increase

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was something "we can do right away," but no White House reporter should have been thrown off: Sam Skinner and Darman described the two phases to reporters in detail two hours before the President spoke. The White House even passed out a fact sheet that made it clear that the package was being offered in two phases. It may be fair to accuse Bush of not being serious about the second phase, since Congress rarely acts on more than one such package in a single year, but it's simply inaccurate to report that he "abandoned" it.

Duffy and Goodgame's account of the President's signing of the 1991 Civil Rights Bill is similarly flawed. They repeat the charges of his political enemies that he demagogued that issue by claiming it was a "quota bill," and that he caved in and signed it only when his position was compared to that of David Duke. They could hardly have missed the point more completely. Bush is what is sometimes called "goo-goo" on civil rights—a Dudley Dooright who wants to be loved, especially by old-line civil rights leaders such as Benjamin Hooks. (When the L.A. riots erupted, the first thing the White House did was to summon not such conservative black activists as Robert Woodson and Detroit city councilman Keith Butler but such liberals as Joseph Lowery, Coretta King, and Hooks. Only when some of them couldn't come were Woodson and others asked to attend.)

The civil rights battle began with the 1989 Supreme Court decision in *Wards Cove* v. *Atonio*, which overturned a line of case law that had placed most of the burden of proof in employment civil rights cases on the employer. Hooks and other activists wanted legislation to reverse *Wards Cove*. The Justice Department recommended at first that the administration do nothing. The President, however, decided he wanted a bill and the administration eventually proposed one. As the civil rights community wanted, it placed the burden of proof back on the employer in cases of a disparity between the racial makeup of a particular business and that of the overall work force, allowing suits to be brought based on statistical imbalance. It would be up to the employer to justify its hiring practices in light of any "disparate impact" on a minority. This raised the prospect of quotas, since the only sure way to avoid being sued would be to hire enough minority employees to assure that there were no racial imbalance compared to the community.

Still, the administration believed that a bill could be drawn that would undo *Wards Cove* without *de facto* quotas. Democrats in Congress, in the belief that the President would not dare veto any civil rights bill, considerably tightened the language to the point where the Justice Department and White House counsel Boyden Gray regarded it as a patent quota bill, and urged the President to veto it. He did—but with little hope that his quota argument would outweigh the popular consensus favoring civil rights legislation. To the surprise of the President and his aides, though, national public opinion was strongly behind them. Conservatives were delighted and thought the fight was over. But they misunderstood the President, who still wanted a bill and eventually got one that passed muster with White House lawyers. He signed it.

Patrick Buchanan has since said that the bill was the final straw for him, convincing him to run against Bush. It was a bitter battle that left all sides deeply distrustful of one another's motives. Argument rages still about whether the bill is better or worse than the President could have gotten all along. The White House feels the President's own bill is proof of his good intentions. Some civil rights lawyers think that, once the fight broke out, the Democrats should have accepted the original Bush bill. You will find none of this reported in this book. Instead, there's the bald charge that Bush signed the bill to avoid resembling David Duke, which fits in with a favorite Duffy-Goodgame theme: that Bush is given to "thinly veiled race-baiting." Aside from a few passing references to Willie Horton, there's not so much as an anonymous quote to support the charge.

Marching in Place seems to be a job done in haste. There is far too little original reporting and far too much reliance on secondary sources, even when those sources got things wrong. The explanation may be that Duffy and Goodgame haven't been known for spending a lot of time around the White House. Too busy writing this book, no doubt. ❐

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ELEANOR ROOSEVELT: VOLUME ONE, 1884-1933

Blanche Weisen Cook

Viking /587 pages/$27.50

reviewed by KENNETH S. LYNN

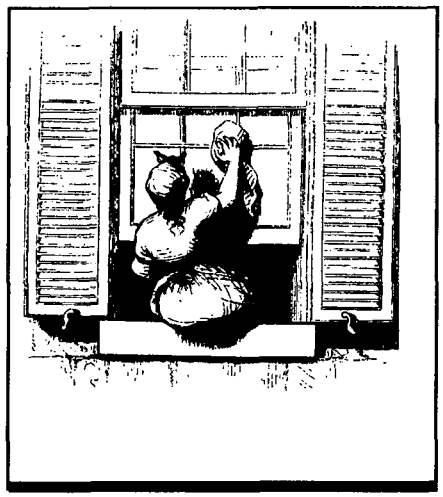
Sharp-witted Frances Perkins, who got to know Franklin and Eleanor Roosevelt more than twenty years before becoming FDR's Secretary of Labor, said of Eleanor that

> one of the great quarrels she had with her lot is that Franklin didn't listen to her. . . . That's her gripe. I shouldn't say that, but it's true. He never did rely on her. He liked her as a reporter . . . [but] when most men would have asked their wives what they thought, he didn't.

That estimate helps confirm the judgment that historian Geoffrey Ward offers us in the best of all the Roosevelt books, *A First-Class Temperament* (1989): that Eleanor was too little like her charming and breezily duplicitous husband, too humorless, too admonitory, too easily aggrieved, too unwilling to relax, for him to savor her company. Blanche Weisen Cook, however, has chosen not to recall Secretary Perkins's words in her new biography of Mrs. Roosevelt. Instead, she contends—without any citations, alas, of supporting evidence—that "[Eleanor] felt that [Franklin] admired her intelligence and relied on her advice."

As her book makes clear time and again, the key to the mind of Cook—a professor of history and women's studies at John Jay College and the Graduate Center of the City University of New York and currently the vice president for research of the American Historical Association—is that she is much less interested in assembling reliable biographical testimony than in propagating feminist heroine-worship. That she is proud of being an ideological warrior rather than a disinterested scholar is indicated in her preface and acknowledgments, where she characterizes herself as "embattled," extends thanks for their helpfulness to such symbolical figures as Alger Hiss and "the women of the Gay Women's Alternative," and finishes off with a salute to the members of her own "family"—only one of whom bears a name that resembles her own—for having rallied round her "when there are so many other battles to wage, so many waves to ride, so much else to do."

Cook's celebration of Mrs. Roosevelt as one of the "foremothers" of feminists like herself also encompasses disparagements of men in general and of FDR in particular. At times her sexist prejudices emerge indirectly, via references to the opinions—the alleged opinions, that is,



for substantiating footnotes are notably absent—of various women in the story. Thus we are told that Mrs. Roosevelt was "convinced that . . . men enter politics to pursue their own careers [whereas] women are motivated by a desire to change society, to improve the daily conditions of life." More often than not, though, the anti-male animus in the book unmistakably derives from the author. The well-known comment, for instance, of Franklin and Eleanor's daughter, Anna, that her mother regarded sex as "an ordeal to be borne" prompts the defensive-aggressive Cook to exclaim, quite gratuitously, that "such a remark raises the question of FDR as a lazy and selfish lover." Her other put-downs of Franklin attack him from so many directions that she finally seems to be arguing that he could not have got any further in politics than the state Senate in Albany had he not married Eleanor. For it was his "profoundly political wife," says Cook, who fed him "insights about his colleagues" in Albany, who was "largely responsible" for smoothing his path to better relations with Tammany reformers like Al Smith and Robert Wagner, who "built bridges, even over the most treacherous terrain," who made "what might have seemed impossible alliances."

The best part of *Eleanor Roosevelt* is its delineation of its heroine's childhood. That those years were a desperate time for her; that intimacy with her cold and standoffish mother was never possible; that her mercurial, distracted, drunken father—whom she adored—was subject to fits of hysteria and madness; that she was orphaned before she was ten; that she suffered for years at the hands of a nurse who pulled her hair and cut large holes in her socks; that she was all but suffocated by her screwed-up maternal grandmother who spent many hours alone in a darkened bedroom with the windows closed and the shades drawn and who made little Eleanor wear hideously unattractive black stockings and high-ankled shoes, are facts that for the most part have been made familiar to us by other biographers, but Cook deserves credit for an exceptionally vivid account of them. Implicit, however, in her chronicle of victimization are questions about long-term emotional disablement that as a feminist hagiographer she cannot bear to deal with. For the defiant proposition on which *Eleanor Roosevelt* builds is that "E.R. lived a life dedicated to passion and experience."

A single footnote in Geoffrey Ward's *A First-Class Temperament* does more to aid our understanding of Mrs. Roosevelt's warped and stunted inner life than do Cook's five hundred pages:

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Much of Eleanor Roosevelt's complex personality may be usefully seen in the context of having had to cope with her father's alcoholism. According to Judith S. Seixas and Geraldine Youcha's *Children of Alcoholism: A Survivor's Manual*, for example, the children of alcoholics, having been let down by their parents, often have difficulty ever fully trusting anyone. They idealize self-discipline and feel they must control every aspect of their lives for fear of ever again becoming the helpless victim of the unpredictability of other people.

Among the aspects of Mrs. Roosevelt's behavior that Ward's footnote helps to illuminate is her performance as a mother. The subject is not one that has much interest for Cook, of course. In a sentence that calls to mind the outlook of the dread Hillary Clinton, she scornfully says that during E.R.'s first years of marriage she "buried herself" in childrearing and homemaking. Before dismissing the subject and moving on to matters more worthy of a feminist heroine, Cook does acknowledge that E.R. had some "strange ideas" about how to be a modern mother, one of which entailed putting little Anna down for a nap in a wire box outside a window on the dark and cold side of the house and then ignoring her screaming (until, that is, neighbors threatened to call the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children), while another involved tying Anna's hands above her head to the bedposts so that she could not masturbate. Unfortunately, excuses rather than probing reflections accompany these details. "Nobody cared to teach" poor Eleanor how to be a good mother; her nursery staff "tyrannized" her; and Franklin's mother, Sara Delano Roosevelt, "usurped" her authority. At no point is it even suggested that the controls imposed upon Anna and her siblings were the projected images of a pathological self-control, or that Sara Delano Roosevelt was primarily thinking of her daughter-in-law's inability to love when she remarked to her grandchildren that "I was your real mother, Eleanor merely bore you."

In the fullness of time, Eleanor would confess in a letter to her journalist friend, Lorena Hickok, that something had "locked me up" emotionally and had given her an "exaggerated idea of the necessity of keeping all one's desires under complete subjugation." No more candid burst of self-understanding can be found anywhere in Mrs. Roosevelt's voluminous correspondence—but because it runs counter to Cook's ideological purposes, she has no interest in it. As she tells the story of her heroine, Mrs. Roosevelt was not only badly hurt by her husband's World War I affair with Lucy Mercer, but hungry for love. Accordingly, she made a new life for herself in the 1920s among women friends in New York, the most important of whom were lesbians. One of them was the assistant to the director of the Women's Division of the New York State Democratic Committee, Nancy Cook. "Strong and athletic-looking," author Cook writes, "with penetrating brown eyes and short-bobbed curly hair, Nancy Cook looked boyish." Upon arriving at the lunch at which Eleanor and Nancy first met, Eleanor presented her with a bouquet of violets, a most significant gesture, we are breathlessly informed, because violets "appear again and again in feminist literature as an international symbol of affection." Wherefore, Cook feels justified in saying that "whether or not the friendship that developed between them embraced amorosity, from their very first meeting their relationship was marked by an element of romance."

Somewhat less outrageously, Cook proposes that Earl Miller, the 32-year-old state trooper whom Franklin had hired as a bodyguard for his 44-year-old wife after he assumed the governorship of New York in 1929, was the trim and handsome object of "the first romantic involvement of E.R.'s middle years." Photographs of them in bathing suits in which Miller's arm is around her waist or around her shoulders, or her hand is resting upon his knee, testify to the fact that they became personal friends and spent a considerable amount of time together. Franklin and Eleanor's oldest son, James, was of the opinion that "Mother may have had an affair with Earl Miller," and one of Eleanor's lesbian friends, Marion Dickerman, later claimed that in a letter that Eleanor allegedly sent to Nancy Cook in the wake of Franklin's successful bid for the presidency in 1932 she spoke of how much she hated the

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prospect of being a prisoner in the White House, and wildly threatened to run away with Earl Miller, who loved her and respected her as Franklin never had. Yet when Mrs. Roosevelt's friend and biographer Joseph P. Lash asked Miller about the accuracy of Dickerman's account of the letter, he dismissed it breezily—"Mrs. Roosevelt may have been down in the depths"—and warned Lash never to trust anything that Marion Dickerman ever said. It was an assessment of Dickerman with which Lash agreed. As for the passionate letters that Eleanor sent to Miller, they were no warmer than those she sent to Joe Lash, or to Dr. David Gurewitsch, the physician who attended her in her last years. "Romantic involvement," in sum, is a much too certainly phrased summation of Mrs. Roosevelt's association with Miller. That she may have felt the tug of physical desire when in his impressively muscled presence is not beyond belief. But by her own admission, she was a woman who was predisposed to subjugate her desires.

The same consideration conceivably hobbled her intimacy with the most plausible of her sex partners, the well-known AP correspondent Lorena Hickok. Lorena was almost certainly a sexually active lesbian. And as all the world knows by now, the Roosevelt-Hickok correspondence contains a letter from Lorena in which she recalls the feeling of "that soft spot, just north-east of the corner of your mouth against my lips," and a letter from Eleanor that wistfully admits that "I wish I could lie down beside you tonight and take you in my arms." What is most striking about these two notorious comments is that there are no others in the correspondence that match their suggestiveness. "The period of passion . . . did not last very long," Cook explains. But the explanation to which foremother-enthusiasm doesn't permit the biographer to give its due is that the consummation for which Lorena probably yearned with all her heart was never achieved.

In any event, Mrs. Roosevelt soon discovered that public life offered her a means of transcending her unhappy personal life. From the time she began writing "My Day" until the very end of her days, this emotionally locked-up woman preached a vaporous message to the world of universal love. ❐

ENERGY IN THE EXECUTIVE: THE CASE FOR THE STRONG PRESIDENCY

Terry Eastland

The Free Press / 392 pages / $22.95

reviewed by FRED BARNES

The title of Terry Eastland's compelling argument for an assertive, even aggrandizing, but still conservative presidency comes from Alexander Hamilton. "Energy in the executive is a leading character[istic] of good government," Hamilton wrote in *Federalist* No. 70. This is more true than ever today, insists Eastland, especially for a conservative President, who must not only make correct decisions and push proper legislation, but also communicate effectively with the American people while combating a liberal Congress. Tough job, and not one for slackers. But the simple fact is that conservative goals cannot be achieved unless a conservative President acts with maximum energy, using all his constitutional powers and a few others as well (speeches on television, not dirty tricks). Want to reduce the size and influence of government? Only a strong President can do that, as Ronald Reagan demonstrated in 1981.

For good reason, conservatives have traditionally been uncomfortable with a strong presidency. Since F\ranklin Roosevelt, the idea has been associated with bigger government, more federal control, arbitrary bureaucrats, higher taxes, and other threats to liberty. No more. Post-Reagan, it's chiefly liberals who are dissatisfied with a strong presidency—because it's not powerful enough, on domestic and economic matters anyway. So they pine for a parliamentary system, which would produce more of the things conservatives don't like, including a less interventionist foreign policy. The result: "Far more so than liberalism, conservatism is at home with the presidency as it currently exists," writes Eastland.

There's a problem, however. Conservative Presidents (Reagan, George Bush) haven't been consistent in using constitutional means to attain conservative ends. They suffer lapses. Reagan threatened vetoes, then wouldn't issue them. And instead of protecting the powers of the presidency, he allowed Congress to usurp them through such measures as the Boland amendment and special prosecution legislation. Bush has been exemplary in defending presidential prerogatives, often by use of the veto, but he has refused to make an energetic case for his legislative proposals. "A modern President cannot 'bargain' his way to consensus with legislators from both parties" at a summit, says Eastland. Today, with no consensus in the electorate, "a President must make a public legislative case. In doing that—through good arguments—he will both polarize and build coalitions." Reagan knew this, and won re-election easily in 1984. Bush didn't know it (and still may not), and his re-election prospects are dicey.

The Eastland ideal—and it's one I subscribe to—is a conservative President who exploits every tool at his disposal: rhetorical, legislative, and administrative. Reagan, sad to say, relied too heavily on words, not enough on action. In his 1988 State of the Union address, he ostentatiously displayed a stack of documents, a continuing resolution that had kept the government going for another year. He said he'd never sign another mammoth bill like that. But he'd already signed this one, making his gesture mere histrionics, not strong presidential leadership.

There are examples large and small

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that fit the Eastland ideal. Both Reagan and Bush asserted their discretion in choosing federal judges, including district court judges. Added to this was their insistence on nominating judges who shared their conservative judicial philosophy. Thus the federal courts were transformed during the Reagan-Bush era, a change more dramatic than at any time in the past half-century. It wasn't achieved easily. Some nominations were blocked, others pilloried. "There is a lesson here: Any President who attempts to claim his constitutional prerogative to choose lower court judges and to exercise his power in behalf of a certain judicial philosophy can expect to arouse opposition, even to lose some nominations, by formal vote or withdrawal." But the result, an enduring legacy of judicial conservatism, makes the friction worthwhile.

I agree with Eastland that the most impressive recent case of strong, conservative presidential leadership was Desert Storm. By his actions—freezing Iraqi assets, deploying troops in Saudi Arabia, doubling the troop level, calling up the reserves, getting United Nations assent to the use of force—Bush "created the circumstance by early January [1991] in which Congress felt compelled to side with him against Iraq," Eastland writes. Bush established what Hamilton called "an antecedent state of things," a set of facts that framed the issue of going to war with Iraq. "No amount of even the best rhetoric, that is, rhetoric that advances the most powerful reasons, could have moved to his side a Congress controlled by Democrats, many of whom were (and still may be) extremely reluctant to use military force. What did move such a Congress to side with him . . . was the President's very powerful exercise of executive power."

In this effort, Eastland notes, Bush had "far more in common with the liberal Presidents of decades past than did recent liberal aspirants to the office, such as Walter Mondale and Michael Dukakis." The same is true of Reagan's drive to increase defense spending that played a large part in the collapse of the Soviet Union. It was Trumanesque, but not Mondalian.

Eastland's book effectively rebuts the theory of the presidency enunciated by Richard Neustadt in *Presidential Power: The Politics of Leadership* in 1960. The Neustadt school rests on two ideas. The first is that presidential power is personal. Presidents use their personal skills to achieve popularity and obtain power. Eastland argues persuasively that Presidents can also rely on their constitutional prerogatives to wield considerable influence—the veto, the hiring and firing of appointees, administrative decisions, litigation, and the unilateral execution of foreign policy. The second Neustadt tenet is that strong Presidents go hand in hand with a stronger centralized government. Reagan refuted this, Eastland says. He "showed that, as a practical matter, a strong presidency was necessary to effect the conservative end of less government, defined in terms of lowered tax rates, slower rates of spending, fewer regulations of the private economy, and less judicial activism."

After Reagan and Bush, what's needed is a conservative President who will use his authority across the board to further conservative ends. That means popularity cannot be husbanded. Reagan left office with a higher approval rating than any President since World War II. "Like dying rich, this is a great moral failure," Charles Krauthammer has written. "The strong President may be defeated after a single term," writes Eastland. "The strong but thus defeated President may nonetheless qualify as a great one—great because of his service to the nation." It's much more honorable than the way Bush has been losing, having frittered away his popularity by being weak. ❐

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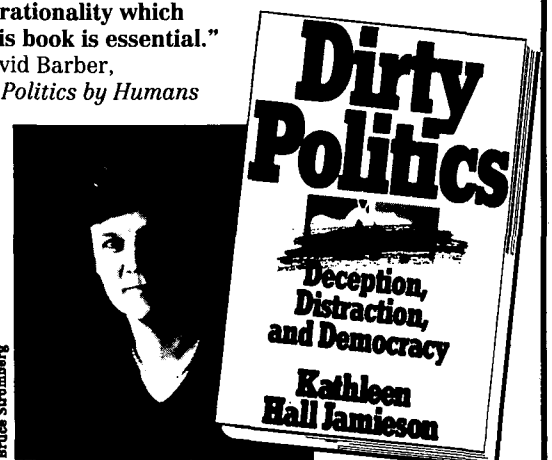

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WINDFALL: THE END OF THE AFFAIR

William F. Buckley, Jr.

Random House / 296 pages / $25

reviewed by JOHN R. DUNLAP

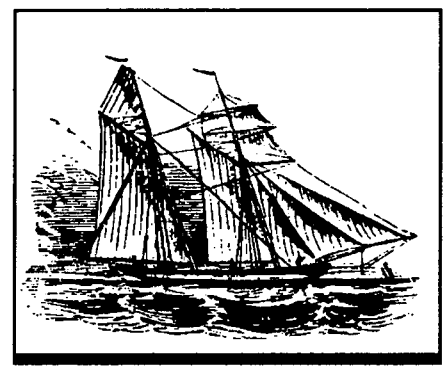
When I was in graduate school, almost a generation ago, I was assigned the entire *Argonautica* of Apollonius Rhodius, the story of Jason's quest for the Golden Fleece. Not so big a deal, you may think, except I had to read all 5,835 lines of that lush narrative in the original. And the *Argonautica*, penned as it was by an Alexandrian scholar who liked to show off his knowledge, is packed with mean little critters called *hapax legomena*, words that occur only once in the extant literature of a given language.

No matter how carefully you've cultivated your classical Greek, you can't read Apollonius without being forced to hit the Greek-English lexicon once or twice per line; on average, it would take me a full hour to read about twenty-five lines of the *Argonautica*, a wonderful poem that, in graduate school, I learned to hate.

Among the *hapax legomena* in Apollonius are many nautical terms that advert to ship's rigging and technical details of sailing. I have forgotten all those Greek terms, but in a modern setting they would, I guess, correspond to *genoa, halyard, floating line, furling line, jib, bilge, companionway, boom, headsail, spreader, mizzen, blooper, backstay, spinnaker, vang* . . . in other words, the terms that come so easily to William F. Buckley, Jr. in *WindFall*.

Which brings me, a landlubber who has recently learned much about navigating the sea, to my one criticism of the gorgeous book from which I've learned it: Why the hell doesn't Buckley give us a schematic of the *Sealestial* with a few dozen arrows pointing to the referents of all those nautical terms?

After all, he *does* give a schematic of the *Sealestial* "heaving to": i.e., sailing directly into the wind to avoid dangerous pitching during rough weather. When a storm struck the 71-foot ketch on "Leg One" of its month-long (November 1990) transatlantic voyage, somewhere between Lisbon and the Madeira Islands, Captain Buckley, in charge of the *Sealestial*, forgot to give orders to heave to. His fellow voyagers and crew were



mightily inconvenienced, and Buckley ruefully offers a "diagnosis, generally useful to men and boys at sea," of precisely how he went wrong.

Now the ocean voyage, of course, is one of the enduring metaphors by which we ruminate indirectly about life. And if you live life the way Buckley does, you keep busy and you take risks and, now and then, because of so many preoccupations, you get insouciant just a bit—and thereby screw up. But again, if you live the way Buckley does, taken with what he calls "gladness at living," your own screw-ups become a point of fascination, worth discoursing upon for the benefit of others.

So the next time you encounter a squall, don't forget to heave to. For if you thumb your nose at the elements, in the manner of those whom Admiral Morison dismissed as "nautical bluffers," you will get yourself battered for no purpose.

WindFall is Buckley's fourth "sailing book," about another of the transoceanic voyages he has made at five-year intervals since 1975. It is expected to be his last, whence the subtitle "End of the Affair." In 1492 Columbus sailed from the island of Gomera in the Canaries almost directly across the Atlantic to his discovery of (or his "encounter with," if you fancy being politically correct about it) the island now called San Salvador in the Bahamas. Two years shy of the quincentenary of Columbus's voyage, and just a week or so after retiring from his editorship of *National Review*, Buckley set out to follow the same route, more or less, with a few extra stops, quite a few extra gadgets, and a copy of Samuel Eliot Morison's celebrated biography of Columbus.

At one point in his retrospective on the voyage, Buckley writes of the "*in partu* blues" that always occur during an excursion of this sort, when the voyage becomes "more trial than adventure." That second quote is from the journal of Tony Leggett, one of the friends accompanying Buckley; at least half of *WindFall* is made up of citations from the seagoing journals of his companions and from the sack of personal correspondence brought on board, which gives occasion for autobiographical reminiscences.

The "blues" are shared by Buckley's son, Christopher, who has joined Buckley and the others at the Canaries for "Leg Two" of the voyage, all 3,800 miles of the transatlantic part. Christo adores his father (the elder Buckley, you will learn in *WindFall*, needed a crisis in his personal life to discover how deeply he and his son love one another) and has acquired a good deal of his father's taste for the sea; but he has acquired as well a good deal more of his father's sense of proportion, which tells him that to undertake a month-long passage across the Atlantic Ocean on a 71-foot two-masted

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sailboat could very reasonably be construed as a damn-fool thing to do.

Besides, apart from the abrasions of intermittent tedium and mishap, Christo pines for the company of his wife and two-year-old daughter, with that pang of absence which is likely to be felt more acutely by a 38-year-old than by a 65-year-old. In a journal entry, Christo theorizes about "Pup," the nickname he attaches to his renowned dad:

> The "no pain, no gain" element. I heard Pup in New Guinea express the belief after a relatively grueling thirty-day crossing of the Pacific—he said, if I recall, "It doesn't feel this good unless there's some unpleasantness along the way." Now I recall his beautiful obituary for Malcolm Muggeridge of two weeks ago in which he alluded to Muggeridge's late-in-life Christian conviction that the central experience of life is, and must be, suffering.

The elder Buckley shrugs and quotes Prince Hal in Shakespeare: "If all the year were playing holidays, to sport would be as tedious as to work."

Work is very often the order of the day if you seriously want to follow the route of Columbus across the Atlantic in a small sailboat. Work of a sort, at any rate. One of the voyagers, Douglas Bernon (a friend of Christopher's and the only liberal Democrat on board), writes in his journal about the older men who are making this "Leg Two" of the passage (Bill Buckley and his Yale buddies Van Galbraith and Bill Draper):

> Three little boys all grown up and enjoying each other. But still three little boys. . . . Playing in a way that only old friends can manage. Cajoling, teasing, tweaking. Proud of each other's accomplishments, tickled by their own, grateful for good fortune, aware of the chaos and pain of life and despite that, perhaps especially because of the last two, happy to be together.

WindFall is the account of a fortunate man with many gifts—above all gifted with the character to have made good of his fortune. It is William F. Buckley, Jr.'s buoyant way of rediscovering that life's truisms are, indeed, true. ❐

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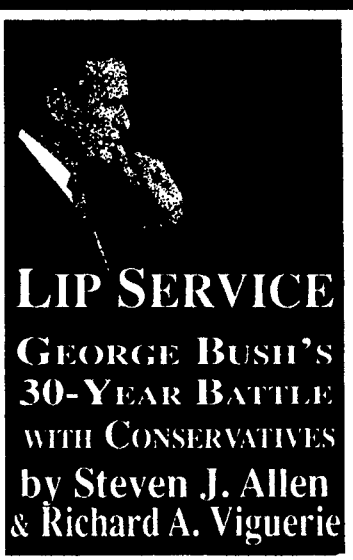

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HILL RAT: BLOWING THE LID OFF CONGRESS

John L. Jackley

Regnery Gateway /377 pages/$21.95

reviewed by DAVE SHIFLETT

Many voters are under the impression that their congressmen actually like them, and that their staffs (the Hill rats) are harried public servants doing their best in a tough system. But to John L. Jackley, your representative and his staff are more likely to be arrogant, cynical, and duplicitous fixers who wish that constituents—including yourself—would walk off a cliff.

Hill Rat is a bitter book, the more so because its author was, at one time, a believer. Jackley worked for three congressmen, finishing his tour of duty as press secretary for a nondescript liberal Democrat from Texas. Jackley's early faith in the system was perhaps responsible for his being willing to put up with more than a self-respecting person should. One day, for instance, he had this exchange with Rep. Thomas A. Luken (D-Ohio) about a bill to designate "The Merchant Marine Hymn" as the official song of, yes, the merchant marines. Rep. Luken speaks first:

> "How's it go?"
>
> I furrowed my brow, looked at him, and without thinking, stepped off the edge. "Uh, it's going just fine sir, how about you?"
>
> "No, goddammit, how's it go go go!" he exploded. "How's it go? How does it go? Which word don't you understand? Which one? Which one?"

This goes on for quite a long time, with the congressman storming about the office, jabbing his finger at poor Jackley, trying to get his quaking factotum to hum the tune. Jackley is unable to, which causes Luken to grab a file from his aide's hand and throw it toward the ceiling. The reader winces, as if he were watching a man beat his dog.

The one event that disgusted Jackley more than any other was the House's reaction to the John Mack affair. Mack, as many will recall, was an aide to then–House Speaker Jim Wright. During an earlier stint as a hardware-store manager, Mack had beaten a female customer with a hammer, dumped her in the trunk of a car, and gone to the movies. That she survived was something of a miracle.

But some members were not happy about her resurrection, and when the *Washington Post* ran a large story recounting the beating, some Hill personalities defended the hammerman. Jackley was particularly outraged by Tony Coelho, who announced that "under our system of law Jack Mack owed his debt to society, not to this young woman."

Coelho had a penchant for defending his friends and political allies, no matter how horrendous their crimes. In 1981, Jackley says, Coelho had sought

> a lighter sentence for David Weidert, the son of the executive director of a group called California Westside Farmers, which had contributed $1,000 to his campaigns in 1980 and 1981. According to one press report, David Weidert had been convicted of beating a slightly retarded young man with a baseball bat, torturing him, stabbing him, and forcing him to dig his own grave before burying him alive.

Mr. Coelho was last seen at Dorothy Bush LeBlond's wedding to a major Hill rat.

Jackley's book provides many revealing tidbits. "On October 10, 1991," he writes, "House Foreign Affairs Committee aide George Warren was struck by a heart attack and had to wait eighteen minutes for a public ambulance. A block away, the ambulance reserved exclusively for members of Congress sat unused. Warren died."

Less tragic was Lou Cannon's initial response to suggestions that an obscure marine named Oliver North was providing illegal military and intelligence assistance to the contras. "There's nothing to this s---," Jackley quotes the infallible Cannon as saying. Like Jackley, Cannon is now living on the West Coast.

But such are the sidelights. The larger story is that in the guise of operating a representative democracy, our representatives have paddled the country ever closer to the big falls. The book brings to mind that eloquent dirge delivered on the Senate floor not long ago by John Danforth, who tried to grasp the reason so many of his colleagues had decided not to run for office again:

> I think the major cause is that deep down in our hearts we believe that we have been accomplices to doing something terrible and unforgivable to this wonderful country. Deep down in our hearts we know that we have bankrupted America and that we have given our children a legacy of bankruptcy. We have been so intent on getting ourselves elected that year after year we have put off the hard issues . . .

Jackley seconds that emotion:

> We squandered more money than Wall Street ever dreamed of. We made Jim and Tammy Faye Bakker look like amateurs. We had more scandals in one week than the Pentagon had in a year. We made the public forget about the hundreds of Reagan-era officials accused of misconduct.

This is a disheartening book, perhaps a bit long, but worth reading—especially by those who might be hesitant to pull the trigger on their local incumbent this fall. Figure it this way: even if it's only half as bad as Jackley says, they deserve the rack. Then the ax. ❐

Dave Shiflett is deputy editorial page editor of the Rocky Mountain News *and* TAS*'s Rocky Mountain editor.*

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CAPITOL GAMES: CLARENCE THOMAS, ANITA HILL, AND THE STORY OF A SUPREME COURT NOMINATION

Timothy M. Phelps and Helen Winternitz

Hyperion /458 pages/$24.95

reviewed by TOD LINDBERG

The problems with Timothy Phelps and Helen Winternitz's *Capitol Games: Clarence Thomas, Anita Hill, and the Story of a Supreme Court Nomination* begin with its title and end with its last sentence. The title is noncommittal, nonjudgmental. It seems to promise a disinterested insiders' account of events from June 27, 1991, when Thurgood Marshall announced he was retiring from the high court, to October 26, when the Senate confirmed Clarence Thomas for the seat—journalism in its "objective" or "fair" or "balanced" sense.

As for the last sentence, we may take it as an oblique summa of the authors' position on the truth or falsity of Prof. Hill's charge that Thomas sexually harassed her: "The Republicans had no appetite," the authors archly aver, "for investigating the alleged conspiracy that they say had been concocted to sabotage their nominee to the Supreme Court." It is a detail, the final detail, that the authors seem to regard as "telling." What does it tell? That even the Republicans, who are earlier described as willing to "stop at nothing" to see their man confirmed, may themselves not have believed Thomas.

This is polemic by insinuation, a practice that should be depressingly familiar to anyone who follows the Washington press corps. Rather than giving the book a proper title based on its contents (for example, *Betrayal: How the Senate Wronged a Woman Who Came Forward to Tell the Truth about a Supreme Court Nominee*), the authors and their publisher give us a veneer of neutrality. Why? Surely not to lend unwarranted authority to their highly selective presentation of the evidence in this spectacular case.

As it happens, *Capitol Games* was more or less foreordained to be a fundamentally disingenuous book. Phelps, who covers Washington politics for *Newsday*, was the second reporter (after Nina Totenberg of National Public Radio) to get Anita Hill to talk about her charges on the record. His story was the first to appear, in the Sunday, October 6 *Newsday* (whose first editions are printed Saturday evening, at about the same time its important stories are released over the wire services). Totenberg's broadcast was Sunday morning. Their one-two punch came just after the Senate Judiciary Committee had split evenly on the nomination, and the Senate as a whole was scheduled to vote October 8. Eventually that vote would be postponed, and the nation would be treated to an unforgettable, riveting weekend of television when Sen. Joseph Biden's committee convened as a sexual harassment tribunal.

Phelps, in short, knows exactly who let that runaway train out of the station. And he isn't saying. He promised his sources anonymity, and he is keeping his promise.

So *Capitol Games* is ultimately based on the premise that the charges Anita Hill made are more important than how they came to be made and how they came to be made public. In fact, the last two questions count for nothing to Phelps and Winternitz (though they intermittently pretend to address them). In this, they are hardly unique. It is the essential and paradoxical conceit of journalism that anonymous information conveyed by a source counts as news, but the fact that the source conveyed it doesn't count as news. Without this conceit, journalism as we know it would cease to exist. All in all, that would be a bad thing; the practice is not indefensible. But reporters who deny that it is a problem are mistaken.

It is hard to imagine a case in which it is a bigger problem than in the case of the Anita Hill leak. The authors' catty concluding sentence notwithstanding, we have all known a few things at least since last October: interest groups opposed to Thomas's nomination on ideological grounds were working night and day looking for "dirt" on him; equally committed staffers of senators opposed to the nomination were similarly engaged; the groups and the staffers worked close together; at least some of those who were aware of Anita Hill's allegations thought they were potentially serious enough to derail the nomination; they further thought the reception accorded the allegations by the Judiciary Committee was inadequate; and they leaked information about the charges to the press with the expectation that a public airing, even at the eleventh hour, would derail the nomination.

The truth or falsity of Hill's allegations is, of course, the central issue. But it is preposterous to maintain, explicitly or implicitly, that the full history of the surfacing of these charges can tell us nothing about their truth or falsity. Yet that is where we find ourselves, by default, in the partial account offered in *Capitol Games*.

At the same time, the Phelps and Winternitz account is useful for the snippets it does provide. In this rendering, which rings true, we have a portrait of the Democratic staff and senators of the Judiciary Committee divided into warring camps over the Hill allegations. Staffers for Senators Kennedy and Metzenbaum hear rumors of the allegations from Nan Aron's left-wing Alliance for Justice, an organization whose principal mission is to derail conservative judicial nominees. But Kennedy, whose reputation has been beaten about the face and head thanks to the goings-on at the family compound in Palm Beach the previous Easter weekend, doesn't want to lead the charge on

(continued on page 67)

Tod Lindberg is the editorial page editor of the Washington Times.

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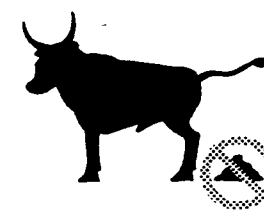
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(continued from page 65)

the Hill allegations. That creates disgruntled staffer No. 1, Ricki Seidman, who was formerly legal director for People for the American Way. (She is now working for Bill Clinton.)

Metzenbaum's staff will pursue the matter, albeit cautiously (in the *Capitol Games* account). The principals are James Brudney, William Corr, Christopher J. Harvie, and Gail Laster. Laster and Seidman (exceeding her instructions?) reach Hill, who is not forthcoming. Seidman makes more headway; Hill will think it over.

Hill calls Seidman back on the eve of the start of the first round of hearings. But Seidman knows Kennedy doesn't want to head this effort, so she passes Hill on to Brudney. Hill starts to talk.

"Metzenbaum's staff" (this is characteristic of the book's willful evasiveness) has told "Biden's staff" about the matter, and the latter has told the former that if Hill wants to proceed, she will have to contact the committee. The committee will not contact her. She does, talking to Biden's nominations counsel, Harriet Grant. (The authors say that Grant's "reputation among the liberal groups opposing Thomas was that she was too straitlaced." This is not praise. *Capitol Games* essentially portrays Grant as a stooge, doing no more and no less than her boss's bidding.)

Biden now emerges fully as the villain of the piece: "To this day, it remains unclear as to whether Biden even tried to understand Hill's position on this sensitive issue." In any case, Hill wants to remain anonymous, and Biden will not circulate charges under those circumstances. So nothing happens on the committee.

Or, rather, nothing significant appears to be happening based on the account in *Capitol Games*. For a fuller account of this period, one must turn to the report of Peter Fleming, Jr., the independent counsel engaged by the Senate to investigate the Thomas leak. From that report, we learn that Brudney is in nearly daily telephone contact with Hill in this period. He is disgruntled staffer No. 2. We also learn that

(continued on page 70)

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New Republic

In downtown Houston, Hendrik Hertzberg confronts the occult:

Kemp is a species of miracle I don't pretend to understand. How did a person of such obviously sincere concern and, more amazingly, respect for the poor and downtrodden manage to find his way into Bush's Cabinet and the hearts and minds of Bush's delegates? It's a mystery, like Gorbachev and Yeltsin coming out of the Soviet Communist Party.

[September 7 & 14, 1992]

Roanoke Times and World News

Pat Pratali, still valiantly fighting the Cold War at the empty offices of something called the Plowshare Peace Center in Roanoke, Virginia, declaims from his time warp, with a tape of Peter, Paul, and Mary playing in the background:

It amazed me to discover that Cuba was only minutes from Miami. It amazed me to find no poverty. Education through university is free for all. Medical care is excellent, free and readily accessible to all. In the countryside, there are more health clinics than gas stations per square mile. The infant-mortality rate is lower than ours. The literacy rate is higher.

There are shortages due to the U.S. embargo and the dissolution of the Soviet Union. In this "special period," staples are rationed. But everyone has enough to eat, and intensive volunteer production has proved very successful.

There is some unemployment, due to lack of petroleum, but employees who are laid off are paid 80 percent of their wages. Those who volunteer to work in food production can receive 100 percent of their wages.

Gasoline is rationed, but bicycles have replaced thousands of automobiles. The right-hand lane is reserved for bicyclists, and this form of transportation is clean and safe. It certainly contributes to better air quality in Havana than in most U.S. cities.

[August 4, 1992]

The Great Books Series

The immensities from two famous ice cream tycoons, for readers of a *Life* magazine potpourri:

RECIPE FOR LIFE

Ingredients

1 U.S. military budget (liquefied)
1 pound dreams
1/3 cup chutzpah
3 cups love
2 cups political action
1 pound fun

Directions:

1. Mix together chutzpah, love, dreams, political action and fun.
2. Transfer into saucepan and add military budget. Reduce by half over high heat, stirring constantly.
3. Yields health, education and playgrounds for all the world's kids.

—Ben & Jerry

(Ben Cohen and Jerry Greenfield) are the founders of Vermont's all-natural ice cream empire.

[from More Reflections on the Meaning of Life, *by David Friend and the Editors of* Life. *Little, Brown, 244 pages, $29.95]*

Financial Times

Traditional values on the British stage, as reviewed by Malcolm Rutherford:

If socialism is dead, can liberalism survive? The piece is called *Hush* because the question requires a pause for thought and prolonged, quiet discussion. The theatre has not approached such a new frontier for a very long time.

Otherwise, the play is set in more conventional Royal Court terms. A 15-year-old girl is being (playfully) buried on a beach. The girl subsequently demands, and gets, sex, from a character called Dogboy. He then practically turns canine and, having killed his dog, kills himself. Another girl, temporarily employed as the house cleaner, wants to go off to Tibet to meet the monks, there not being enough sex on the beach at home.

Do not be put off by such old hat. . . .

[August 12, 1992]

Minneapolis Star

A concerned citizen addresses the con science of a nation and remonstrate somewhat courageously against th CIA's warmed-up cloaks and daggers:

I would like to know whether cartoonis Garry Trudeau is alive or not. His comi strip, "Doonesbury," was in the middle of series about Clarence Thomas whe Trudeau recently left without warning fo an eight-week sabbatical. He had also jus finished a damaging series about Da Quayle's political prisoner.

As the old CIA types in th Bush/Quayle campaign warm up thei cloaks and daggers, I find myself concerne with the whereabouts of Trudeau, and thi letter is the least I can do to repay his vigi lance regarding our all-too-often corrup government. —*David Snyder, Rosevill*

[June 19, 1992]

Time

While Sarajevo burns and Olympian triumph, someone by the name o Anastasia Toufexis in the "Behavior section of a great gazette essays break throughs in the ejaculatory arts hereto fore mainly associated with the inhabi tants of Monkey Island at the zoo:

Happily married for 10 years, Richar Sharrard, a dance instructor, and Tin Tessina, a psychotherapist and writer, blen nicely enough with their neighbors in th middle-class community of Long Beach Calif. But the couple's life-style is far fron ordinary: Sharrard and Tessina are openly and unapologetically bisexual. During thei unusually flexible marriage, Sharrard ha enjoyed liaisons with half a dozen men while Tessina has taken two female lovers "It's the best of both worlds," declare Sharrard, who thinks nothing could be mor natural than bisexuality.

In a world where sexual orientation i polarized into heterosexuality and homo sexuality, bisexuality comes as a disturbing challenge, at once a riddle and a discomfort

[August 17, 1992]

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Washington Post
(Health Section)

Another happy American feminist makes a scholarly point after fastidious calculation:

An article about the upcoming departure from Washington of "one of its high-powered couples" [Health News, June 30] contained thirteen paragraphs. The career move of the husband, W. French Anderson, is discussed in the first half of paragraph one and in all of paragraphs six, 10 and 11.

The remaining nine and a half paragraphs detail the career move of his wife, Kathryn Anderson. Yet the article is titled "Gene Therapy Pioneer, Surgeon Wife Leave D.C." Clearly, this article primarily concerns the female Dr. Anderson. A more appropriate title would have noted the departure of this eminent surgeon and then of her "gene pioneer husband."

—Margaret E. Estes
Alexandria
[August 11, 1992]

The News
(Boca Raton, Florida)

Miss Lani Picard—artistic director of the world-renowned Balancing Barre for Women in progressive Boca Raton—marshals her considerable rhetorical and analytical potencies to take up the old burden borne so nobly in the past by the likes of Hegel, Marx, and George McGovern:

Abortion equals a woman's deepest psychic, sacrificial and rebellious act against an ever-evolving, male-dominated environment resulting in a cessation of creation.

Since man began turning his envy of matriarchy toward himself, women, in a subconscious retaliatory act, began using abortion as a weapon in the war of survival against this arrogant behavior. In essence, what women have really been trying to communicate to this overindulgent patriarchal society is: Either get your act together, now, and listen to our message or we will use abortion to eliminate men from the face of the earth, entirely. Abortion is not an issue, it is a powerful weapon—a last resort; an urgent and humiliating plea for global equality, respect and understanding. No woman intentionally seeks out or enjoys the idea of abortion. Just ask any woman who has had one. It is an eternal agonizing sacrifice!

[July 1, 1992]

New York Times Magazine

In the foremost organ of the modern urban sophisticate . . . a moment of prayer:

If her intellect is rigorous and pure, so is her apartment, for aside from books and papers, the environment is strikingly Spartan. She says she goes out seven nights a week with friends for dinner, concerts, plays. She has phenomenal energy and stays out late, always ready to do one more thing, go one more place. ("Suddenly, it's 4 in the morning," she says, "and somebody suggests something else. You go on. You don't say you're tired or you've had enough. Because you can never have enough.") Considering her abundant social life, I am amazed at the absence of furniture—there are so few places to sit. Doesn't she have friends over?

"No. This apartment is the inside of my head. It's a map of my brain."

"Have you always lived alone?"

"No, no. Not only have I at different times lived with lovers, but I've had friends come and stay. I like the idea that there are other bodies in other rooms." She has never remarried, but she has many intense friendships, which constitute a kind of multifarious international bond.

[August 2, 1992]

Lansing State Journal

From historic Scottsdale, a cure for the common cold and, at last, something to believe in for the world's deflated Marxists:

Three people in Scottsdale, Ariz., are used to being considered bizarre. After all, the message they carry is that people need not die but can live forever here on Earth.

"Let's face it, physical immortality seems so far out it's unimaginable," says Charles Paul Brown, one-third of the group known as CBJ. The group claims that belief in physical immortality is a growing phenomenon and that 15,000 to 20,000 people around the world are on its mailing list. The three readily admit there is no scientific proof that human beings can live without death.

On the other hand, "There is no scientific proof that human beings have to die," says Berna Deane, another member.

"I personally feel that death does not happen naturally," says James Russell Strole, the third member. . . . "Through a cellular awakening, the spirit is unleashed, the death program is eliminated and a new quality of life emerges."

Brown explained what he meant by "cellular awakening":

"A new intelligence begins to be released from within the body itself, begins to send signals to the brain, developing a new consciousness, a new awareness, from that chemical action and reaction."

Physical immortality takes a group effort, they say.

"You need people around you encouraging you to be alive rather than to suppress your aliveness and to live in a world where you're programmed continuously that death is inevitable," Strole says.

[July 23, 1992]

Washington Post

On the wails page of a great American daily, a patriot dares to speak out on one of the most vital issues of the day. Who cares if laughter ensues, spitballs, paper airplanes, and, yes, condoms inflated with harmless helium—as if anything harmless can ever be put into a condom:

The ASTM Standard D3492 for assessing condom leakage, which has been adopted by the Food and Drug Administration, consists of observing an absence of visual leakage when the condom is filled with water. While this is an adequate test of the condom's ability to prevent the passage of sperm, it has been shown to be inadequate for revealing the presence of holes approaching the dimensions of the AIDS virus (which is only 0.1 micron in size). . . .

Moreover, there exists direct evidence of voids in condom rubber. Electron micrographs reveal voids 5 microns in size (50 times larger than the virus), while fracture mechanics analyses, sensitive to the largest flaws present, suggest inherent flaws as large as 50 microns (500 times the size of the virus). When recourse is made to condoms for the prevention of HIV infection, at least two should be worn during sexual activity.

—C.M. Roland
Washington
[July 3, 1992]

NEXT MONTH:

P.J. O'Rourke unveils more New Enemies

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CAPITOL GAMES
(continued from page 67)

Corr is the one who first heard from the Alliance for Justice. He's No. 3.

The further machinations of this crew need not detain us here. Suffice it to say that *Capitol Games* is, at its most interesting, their book. Their unhappiness and even disgust is manifest as the committee takes no immediate action following Hill's conversation with Grant. The picture they and the authors paint is one of a weak-willed, insensitive Chairman Biden unwilling to follow up serious charges against the nominee. The indictment continues as the harassment tribunal convenes October 11: the Republicans are playing to win, whereas the chairman is engaged in a fundamentally wrong-headed effort to be fair to the nominee—which has the effect of being fundamentally unfair to Anita Hill. Biden rolls over as Republicans demand that the hearing reconvene quickly, before the Democrats and Hill have time to prepare adequately. Biden rolls over once again on the issue of who will testify first and last.

There is a certain through-the-looking-glass quality to *Capitol Games*. The chairman is praised for his "grasp of the intricacies of such esoterica as the concept of natural law." As a matter of fact, Biden likes natural law so long as it is understood to be evolving—in other words, so long as it is not natural law. And he is damned for his effort to be fair to accuser and accused.

It is probably too much to expect a fair hearing for conservative views of jurisprudence from a book as tendentious as *Capitol Games*. Alas, it is too much to expect even a fair description of what a more conservative Supreme Court has sometimes held. Thus Chief Justice Rehnquist is quoted from a ruling that overturned a previous court ruling: "Considerations in favor of *stare decisis* [sticking with past rulings] are at their acme in cases involving property and contract rights, where reliance issues are involved; the opposite is true in cases . . . involving procedural and evidentiary rules." The intrepid Phelps and Winternitz describe this as a "startling statement about his philosophy. As far as Rehnquist was concerned, individual freedoms were not nearly so worthy of the court's protection as property rights." Well, as even the Rehnquist court has held, we are going to have freedom of the press, no matter how bone-headed the press is.

Which means we are going to have leaks. As for the one that catapulted Phelps to such fame as he enjoys, he is defensive about the term: "a label that sounded erroneously as if someone had handed me the full, ready-to-print Hill story." He worked hard for his leak, dammit.

Something critical happened on Saturday, October 5, that convinced a reluctant Anita Hill to go on the record with two reporters about her allegations. Both Totenberg and Phelps had heard some of the substance of her tale prior to that and had contacted Hill repeatedly, but she said she wouldn't talk until the reporters had obtained a copy of the statement she had given to the committee. She would not be the source for that statement.

The independent counsel believes Totenberg had a copy of the statement before that, but she was uncertain about its authenticity, and that Phelps didn't have it. Phelps's account confirms that he didn't. Totenberg hasn't said, but there is reason to think the independent counsel got it wrong. She may have only had the statement read to her before that Saturday.

But both Phelps and Totenberg placed calls to Ricki Seidman Saturday morning. They described Hill's reluctance to talk and her reasons. Seidman then spoke to Brudney, who had a copy of Hill's statement in his briefcase (he had obtained it independently September 25; the other copies were closely held by the committee, mainly in Harriet Grant's safe). At 2:26 that afternoon, Hill returned a Totenberg call. According to what Hill told the special counsel, Totenberg said she had the statement and read from it to Hill, and Hill agreed to the interview. Phelps was meanwhile calling around frantically. "It was getting late," he writes, "and the deadline for the Sunday paper had passed when one of my telephone calls made it through to someone who knew what was going on, and was willing to talk."

The special counsel's account describes Phelps reaching Corr between six and seven o'clock, purportedly looking for a phone number for Senator Metzenbaum. It is hard to believe that that is the only question Phelps asked Corr, since he was pressing all members and staff of the Judiciary Committee he could reach for details of the allegations.

Phelps does not mention Corr in this passage of the book at all. But after speaking with his "someone who knew what was going on," the next conversation he reports is one with Hill, in which she confirmed his source's statement that Thomas "made suggestions to her about what kind of sex he liked to engage in, asking her in detail about different forms of sex." The special counsel dismisses the possibility that Corr was Phelps's source on the grounds that Phelps's article described the source as someone "who has seen her statement to the FBI." Corr had seen neither the FBI report nor Hill's statement to the committee.

It is interesting, however, that Phelps does not repeat in *Capitol Games* the claim from his article that his source had "seen her statement to the FBI." We hear instead from "someone who knew what was going on" and was in a position to describe "what Anita Hill had told the Judiciary Committee." That sounds more accurate than the attribution in the initial story, which is a muddle: there was Hill's statement to the committee and there was the FBI report, of which Hill's statement was a part. But someone who is scrambling to describe this under deadline pressure and comes up with "her statement to the FBI" isn't making that distinction and probably is unaware of the finer points of what is what. The special counsel goes too far in asserting that the description of the source (which is in any case absent from Phelps's account in the book) is enough to exonerate Corr.

The leak didn't work, since Thomas is on the high court, but the leakers did get away with it. Whoever they are, they lied under oath to the special counsel. Perhaps the full text of the interviews and depositions his office conducted, read against other independently derived evidence, will yield a definitive circumstantial case.

We will indeed have an opportunity to review the special counsel's raw material—when the records are unsealed in 2042. In the meantime, it is safe to say that the leaks originated somewhere in the ranks of Thomas's extreme ideological enemies in the Senate—Brudney, Seidman, Corr, and so on. It is only fitting, therefore, that *Capitol Games* is a tribute to them, the radicals' revenge. ❐

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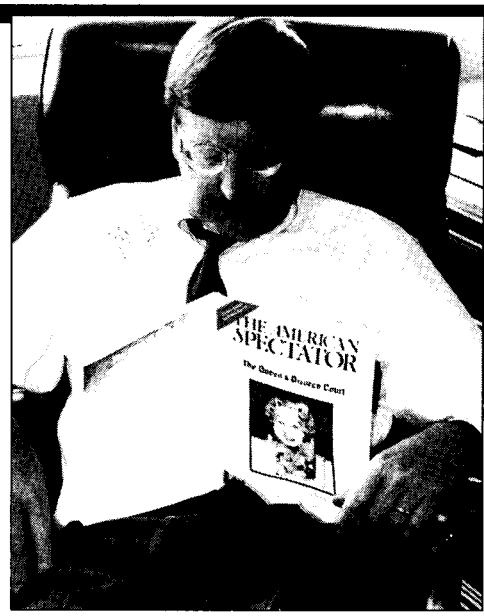

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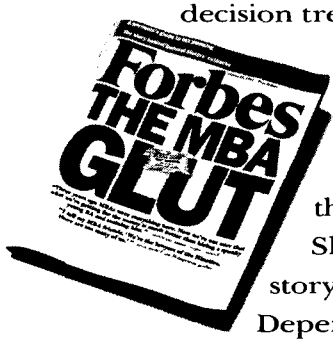

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